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THE LAST INCA.

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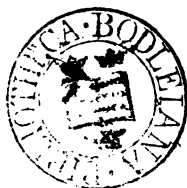
OR, THE

STORY OF TUPAC AMARU.

"The fate of the whole race might be compared to that of some beautiful and graceful maidens, who, on some fatal festal day, had playfully ranged themselves in exquisite order, to support on their heads, as living caryatides, a slight weight of fruit and flowers, which had all of a sudden hardened into marble, and crushed them under it."

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

VOL. III.



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THE LAST INCA;

OR, THE

STORY OF TUPAC AMÂRU.



CHAPTER THE TWENTY- EIGHTH.

✓ "She, more amazed, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake,
As when a greedy wolfe through honger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloudy feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which quitt from death, yet galles in every lim,
With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon look so grim."
Faerie Queene, canto vi.

VERY IMPORTANT TO GUIDO AND PAULINA, AND ALSO
TO THOSE WHO WOULD KNOW MORE OF THEIR
LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER.



MAN lying dead or drunk on a
heap of stones in the Cerro de
Pasco was a sight too common
to attract any notice from ordinary passers-

by; and Guido would certainly have perished of cold if another mortal, not used to the city's ways, but in as great misery as himself, had not seen and taken compassion on him.

Truth to tell, it was compassion that the stranger was seeking. And as the sight of a stranded ship has been known to impart strength and courage to a whole village that was covered over as with a pall of death, and many men in desperate need or utter madness have been arrested on their way to self-destruction by some frail mortal's sorrowful eloquence, pleading for such succour as they could bestow; so here, a poor houseless, friendless, and forsaken mortal, seeking help from one greatly in need of it himself, proved to be the very best help that in his then most pressing need could have come to Guido.

As Guido lay stretched across the body of his horse, apparently sleeping a quiet, restoring sleep, his noble face, his form

suggesting strength by its beauty, the fugitive hurrying past him for protection suddenly thought—"Here, by God's grace, is the protection which I need."

"Oh, sleeper! Oh, man with the sword and a strong arm to strike, awake, for here is work for thee to do!" might have been the rousing words of the suppliant for Guido's favour. But the sleeper's senses were too firmly locked up to be called into action by mere rhetoric. So the hands were rubbed, and the temples, together with as much shaking of the body as the strength of the feeble beggar for help could bestow upon it.

The evening was drawing in, the cold was increasing, and this gave new vigour to the delicate arm which was trying to bring Guido Alvaro back to the life that so much needed him.

At last the sleeper opened his eyes, but closed them again; and on that followed more rubbing of the temples, and the

opening up of his jerkin, and then a pair of small hands became quickly busy in rubbing—rubbing at the region of his heart.

“Paulina—Paulina!” faintly muttered the reviving man. “O, Paulina! mio—”

The intrepid seeker of mercy, now finding fresh encouragement, renewed the knocking at the only door from whence mercy could come; and Guido was, as if by superhuman strength, raised into a sitting posture, his importunate saviour supporting his shoulders by two outstretched arms, the body of the prostrate horse lying between them. But the outstretched arms were not equal to the task of carrying out their misguided scheme for supplying air to the now fast recovering man; and nature in this case being happily superior in force to the ignorance that stood in her way, Guido, as if by a convulsive effort, freed himself from the kind props which might have been the cause of his suffoca-

tion, and fell back again, this time at full stretch, his head lying somewhat lower than the rest of his body. Then, almost instantly, the lamp which had been blown out was blown in again, and the heart began to beat the sluggish, lazy blood back to its work, and Guido Alvaro was saved from a very agreeable form of death, and compelled, in the sweetest sense, to obey the law of his own true life, as the blood in his veins had been compelled to go where the head centre sent it.

"Guido!"

"What music, heavenly sweet, is this?"

"Guido!" the soft voice repeated again in his ear, although to him it only seemed like the voice of his own soul.

"Guido!"

"Paulina!"

Paulina, when she was hastening for her life past the heap of stones on which Guido was lying, did not recognize him.

She only saw a man asleep, who, if awakened, would, she thought from his mien, become her deliverer. It was her sole and only hope of salvation to make this man her friend, her defender. Not obtaining any response to her gentle touch, nor even to a vigorous shake, she, in her extremity, took his clenched hand, and finding it so cold that it struck a chill through her frame, dropped it in despair. But the shape of the hand arrested her eyes and opened them. It was the only hand that had ever caressed her own or clasped her body, and in that moment of recognition she lost all sense of her own evil case, and thought of nothing but how to rouse her lover from the deadly sleep on which he had fallen.

It had grown dark when Guido, restored to himself by Paulina's voice and effort, was standing by her side. Had he met her in his mad gallop up the mountain, he would not have known her. .

How she told of her capture by some Indians when proceeding by herself, by a short cut that she had inquired about from Guido's servants, to the Cerro de Pasco, intending to surprise her uncle and her companions, who were also bound thither; how she made her escape from her captors, unharmed; and how Guido told of his following her, he knew not whither, being carried along by the horse which had lost its life in pursuit of her; and how they passed the perils of that night on the horrible, inhospitable mountain, could only be likened to some passage in the life of one Mr. Greatheart, as he related how he conducted one Mercy from the City of Destruction, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, to the Celestial City.

The return of Guido to the farm, bringing Paulina with him all safe, relieved the awful gloom which hung over it, caused by the murder of Don Benigno. The story of the negro servant, told as it was

with much incoherence, created the belief that the death of the old man was nothing but an accident. But Guido knew better; and with the information supplied to him by the papers found on the dead body of the Inquisitor, he began to realize the prophetic words of the Polizon as related in the fourth chapter of this eventful history, when he said, "The foulest murders the world ever reeled under will be repeated, and before our very eyes."

As Guido, worn with the excitement of the previous day, with want of rest, and with extreme agitation, allowed his mind to dwell on the fate of Don Benigno, and on what might have happened to his own Paulina, he became for a brief space, a true picture of the arrogant, unrelenting Spaniard, prepared to exterminate all Indians from off the face of the earth, as a race not only unfit to belong to it, but as a race whose very existence was a scandal to common humanity.

What the Indian had to say about the murder and outrage which the Spaniard had perpetrated on his father and mother and sweetheart, was a question which did not then enter Guido's mind.

An Indian of the farm, one of the superior men who had charge of a certain number of families—a sergeant, as he might aptly be called—here came into Guido's room, as usual, with the perfect freedom of one accustomed to share his master's counsel. Being shod with *alpargatos*—the hempen shoes made on the farm—Guido had not heard the Indian's approach, for he was absorbed in sullen cursing and swearing, and his back also was turned to the door through which the Indian had entered. Guido making no sign, the sergeant, standing a few yards apart, his arms folded across his chest, addressed him with the usual salutation—

“Mi amo?” My *master*.

Starting from his seat, like a common

creature overcome with rage, Guido turned on his servant a livid and distorted face (if that can be termed a human face which is blackened with devil's hate), and cried, in a voice of thunder—

“Begone, murderer, from my sight, or I shall become a murderer too.”

But the stolid Indian stood as firm as a rock, and as patient as summer rain.

Unfolding his arms, and stretching one open hand towards his master, as if to receive a favour, the Indian, in a soft voice, again saluted him with—

“Mi amo.”

Guido broke down, and falling into his seat, exclaimed—

“Oh, Huari, Huari, forgive me!”

Huari noiselessly drew near his master, and stood before him—his head thrown back, his arms hanging at his side, and the palms of his hands half open.

“Huari, they have killed my friend; they would have killed the Lady Paulina.

This farm has become a jail now, and never will cease to be a grave."

"Amo," replied Huari, "the lightning is not bad, because it kills; mi amo's friend was killed by lightning."

"Ah! does lightning carry away ladies, daub their faces with mud, and wrap them up in an Indian's *acso*?"

"Show me the *acso*, amo," demanded Huari.

Guido, slowly recovering his wonted serenity, left the room, and returned, bringing the Indian rug which had been given to Paulina by the Indians who had kidnapped her.

"This *acso* is from yonder," said Huari, throwing his chin in the direction of Cuzco.

"From Cuzco?" inquired Guido.

"From beyond Cuzco," replied Huari.

"Go and bring to me that nigger Santiago."

Huari bowed to his master, and went to look for the negro servant who attended

poor Don Benigno at the time of his death. Huari found the negro fast asleep in the kitchen, where a still greater negro was presiding at the fire, who happened to be the mother of the slave, and also cook in the Lady Lucy's house. Huari informed this personage that it was his master's command that one Santiago, a negro, should straightway appear before him.

The great dark Mary, who was stirring a pot, called out in an oozing voice to her son—"S-a-n-ti-a-go"—as if she were afraid of disturbing him, or, at any rate, that she would take her own time in doing so. Then she seemed after a while to be calling the pot that she was stirring "Santiago," for she put her head into it as she called out the name. But, in truth, all this and much more of the same was only an exhibition of negro high breeding, displayed for the edification of the Indian; these two races having for each other an inexpressible contempt, which was always mani-

fested on the part of the blacks by gestures of the most offensive description.

"Santiago," at last exclaimed the cook, in a sharp tone, resembling a sneeze, and sufficiently piercing to rouse the sleeper, "Master Guido wants thee."

Santiago very seriously put himself straight, and went with Huari to Guido's room.

"Now, boy," said Guido, addressing the negro servant, quietly and gravely, "I want you to tell me what the men were like who killed your master."

"I do not know, sir."

"How many men were there?"

"I do not know, sir."

Here Guido took Huari aside, and told him to bring eight or ten men from the fields into the courtyard, and Huari left the room; and Guido continued to question the slave, but with no better result.

"You stupid fellow, did you see any men at all?"

"I saw a good many, a crowd of men—Indians; but they did not all kill Don Benigno."

The black mother of this boy had followed him to the door of Guido's room, and remained outside listening; and a lull taking place in Guido's storm of questions, Mary put her large person in the doorway, and began singing a litany of woes suggested by her son's imbecility on the occasion of Don Benigno's murder.

"Sir Don Guido, I have done many things in my life that I aint proud of." (And she repeated a long catalogue of whimsical sins.) "But the one big thing which I am most ashamed of is, that I did not use this lump of coal to make a fire before it learned to speak a human word."

"Well, has your son told you anything of what happened?"

"No, sir. He tell? He ran away like a pig from a butcher, and left his master to be killed."

Huari here returned to say that all was ready.

"Come with me," said Guido to the black; and they all went into the yard, where were ten Indians clustered together.

The moment that the poor negro lad caught sight of the copper-coloured men he darted back, as he had done when Don Benigno was attacked; and this was the most conclusive testimony that Guido could collect of the murder having been committed by a mob of Indians.

Up to this time Guido was utterly ignorant of the kidnapping of the Indians by Alliaga, at the instigation of his own father, the Marquis. He was, of course, equally in the dark as to the manner in which the Lady Lucy's mine had been supplied with miners.

The Polizon, now on his way to the farm from Lima, learned that story from the men who were connected with the poisoning. These, as we have seen, he sent


back to Chayanta, accompanied by some of his own men, in order to give evidence against Alliaga. The Polizon is coming to investigate, on the spot, the truth of the story, in order to take such measures as shall bring the real culprits to justice; and if Guido Alvaro had only known that his wise and loving friend was then fast approaching his home, he would most certainly have gone out to meet him.

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CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

"Alas! I see but one cross remaining on earth, and it is that of the unrepentant thief. What thousands of the most venomous wasps and hornets swarm about it, and fight for its putrescences! The blessed one was pulled down long ago, indeed soon after its erection, in the scuffle of those who would sell the splinters. Great fortunes are daily made by it, and it maintains as many clerks and treasurers as the South Sea. The money-changers in the Temple of old did at least give change; ours bag the money, and say *call to-morrow*."—*Imaginary Conversations* (Romilly and Wilberforce).

Turns aside to recall the "GOOD INTENTIONS" OF THE SPANIARDS TOWARDS THE INDIANS OF PERU, AND HOW THEY WERE CARRIED OUT — THE POLIZON BESTIRS HIMSELF — PAULINA EXPLAINS HER FINDING OF GUIDO, AND CONCLUDES WITH A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED BUT NEVER ANSWERED.

 HERE is a fact recorded in the pages of solemn Spanish history, printed in grand type, on finest paper, and bound in purple morocco, that the Indians who were first carried to Spain begged for Christian baptism; and their Majesties, wishing to offer to our Lord the

first fruits of that heathendom, ordered the rite to be performed—the King Ferdinand and his son, Prince John, standing god-fathers. Other facts, equally picturesque, are stated with similar gravity, relating to the manner in which the “Indian question” was discussed by Spaniards at home. In the code of laws drawn up for the government of Indians, it was expressly laid down that married women should not be compelled to go and serve with their husbands in the mines or on the farms; that boys and girls under fourteen should not be employed in hard work, but only in household service, and that until their coming of age they should live with their parents or appointed guardians; that the unmarried women should work in the company of their parents; and that the same regulations which applied to the clothing of men should apply to that of women also. Decorum and the cultivation of family ties were to be used as handmaidens in the

education and government of the Indians. They were also to live together, and grow a happy and united nation. From which it will be gathered, that even in the earliest times, very enlightened, philanthropic "views" were held in Spain regarding the Indians of Peru, as well as of the other great Spanish colonies. And down to the latest year in which those great lands "belonged" to the Spanish Crown, there were men and women of the highest classes who never ceased to advocate the Indian's cause, and inquire after his well-being. The Marquis de Zandunga, his Marchioness, and the Polizon represented this limited but enthusiastic class of Spaniard at the close of the last century.

But if those godfathers could, two centuries afterwards, have visited Lima, Cuzco, Potosi, Oruro, Huancavelica, Arequipa, the great estates lying north and south of the capital, and many another once famous focus of wealth, what would

they have seen of that late splendid kingdom, which, at the time of that baptism of the Indians, teemed with people, with glorious abundance of the means of life, and which was supplied with characteristic laws for the promotion of human love?

They would have seen Guido's farm, the homes of Zamaichuco and of Tupac Amáru, the settlement founded by Pacha, and a few colonies of refuge on a smaller scale, flourishing like well-cultivated gardens. But all the great cities, the large towns, the great mines, as well as the great estates, they would have seen sweltering in sin, and poverty, and filth, and a general gloom hanging over them, such as might hang over a dead sea from which went up to heaven a stench that could only be extinguished by the sun pouring down upon it a stream of its own hottest fire.

And those two godfathers would further see that the sole and only cause of all that evil were men of their own nation, speak-

ing their own tongue, and baptized with the same baptism that they were baptized with.

The Polizon, having now learned of the atrocious capture of the Indians from Chayanta, and their being hurried at the point of the knife into the mines of the Cerro de Pasco, has got into the possession of a case which he will try in the superior courts, and at last prove to himself and his friends that his residence in Lima will yet be rewarded with some fruition, in the realization of hopes which had indeed been long and cruelly deferred.

He will be able to point to the farm—only a few miles from Lima—to prove that the greatest wealth yet remained in Peru, if only its native races were allowed to live on its soil after their own peaceful fashion, if the laws for their protection were duly administered, and all offences against those laws rigorously punished.

“It is true that the Indians are essen-

tially a pastoral people; but some of them can be trained to work in mines, if they are fed well enough, and not flogged, or forced to labour beyond their natural strength.

“It is true,” continued the Polizon, as he rode along communing with himself, “that we have done little or nothing in making Christians of the Indians, any more than little or nothing has been done in making miners of them. Perhaps they think that Christianity and mining are somehow so mixed up together that one cannot exist without the other; that what the synovia is to the joints of the human body—lubricating them, and making their action sweet and pleasant to the master of the frame—so money and mining are essential to the Christian body of this nation; and that, in fact, the one cannot dispense with the other. In that case, one ought not to wonder at the Indian’s repugnance to turn Christian. But the Spanish Government will never see it in that light; and if Dr.

Oscuras, and the carpenters and butchers of the Inquisition, caught me holding such an opinion, they would infallibly treat me as a dangerous sponge, and try to squeeze it out of me. If the Indian won't turn Christian, then he is only fit to go to hell, and he may go there as quick as he likes; only it is as well to make him do a little mining before he sets out on the journey. But if I were called upon to give any testimony in the High Court of Chancery on the character of the 'heathen' Indian, I should most certainly have to confess to his being a far superior being to the Spaniard; and that to send him to torment, or even to disgrace him for not being a Christian, would be one of the most wanton acts of injustice that one being ever inflicted on another.

"The Indian has a nature as soft as fur; his love and tenderness are as real and lasting as his brown colour. The Spaniard seems to have changed the In-

dian's nature, as much as the nature of a fur-clad animal would be changed if its coat were to be stripped from its back, and it were made to wander through the cold in wounded nakedness."

Thus conversing with himself, the Polizon kept on his way towards the farm, where Guido and his mourning friends were also indulging in speculations—although of a different kind—on the character of the Indian.

Had Guido known that the Polizon was so close at hand, he would, as we have said, have sallied out to meet him; for he was more in need of such counsel as the Polizon could give him than of aught else besides in the world.

The evening was clothed in a golden warmth, and Guido and Paulina were sitting together in the balcony of the house, looking with sad eyes upon the tranquil fields stretched out below them.

Guido was dejected—almost crestfallen;

thinking that, after all, those fields were now nothing more than evil nests for breeding vipers; and Paulina was sad because of Guido's sadness. Her uncle's death deepened the gloom; but Paulina divined that this was not the cause of Guido's painful, pondering silence.

She knelt at his knee, and folding her hands upon it, and resting her chin on her hands, she turned her eyes—calmed by the love which streamed from them—up to the face of her lover, and asked—

“Have you quite forgiven me for running away from you, Guido?”

Then he, taking the lovely head in his arms, and bending over it as tenderly as a mother over her babe, asked, in a low voice—

“And wilt thou ever forgive me for bringing thee to this assassin's cave?”

“Ah! you think that the men who carried me away intended to kill me? I do not think so. I could not fairly understand

them, but from their few Spanish words and signs, and earnest faces, I thought they intended rather to do themselves some service through me."

"But you ran away from them, and as if you were flying for your life?"

"True, I ran away; but it was to you that I ran, and only became frightened after I had started; the men could have overtaken me easily, but they did not even try. I became more bewildered the longer I ran. When I saw you lying on the heap of stones, I did not know you. It was the sight of your sword that first made me think of my own danger. And oh, when I saw it was you, but changed by the deadly cold into another likeness, I thought that I had killed you."

"You say that the men did not frighten you at the first?"

"On the very contrary, I thought them some of your own men volunteering their guidance to me, and for which I was to do

something for them. There was nothing wicked or bad about them."

Neither did this agree with Guido's own convictions, nor with the murder of Don Benigno, nor with the papers found on the dead body of the Inquisitor. These showed that the Indians were up in arms, and prepared to do for the Spaniards what the Spaniards had been doing to them this many a year.

Paulina's love, and trust, and hope in Guido remained the same as when he first awoke them in her heart.

Guido's love for Paulina was the same, but he had lost the passionate desire to see her an Indian's deity or queen.

When the Polizon appeared at the farm, everybody and everything put on a brighter look. Even the terrible murder of Don Benigno was explained. His slayers had mistaken him for his brother, the malefactor of Chayanta, who had murdered the three chiefs, and sent a hundred

of their vassals to the lingering death of the mines.

But the real murderer of Don Benigno was none other than Guido's father, the Marquis de Pan y Agua; and justice demanded—if it was worth while doing justice to an Indian—that the transaction, from beginning to end of the most noble the Marquis's connection with the Lady Lucy's mine, should be made clear to everybody's comprehension. Because, if the powerful Marquis had not sent that powerful bribe to Alliaga, with that request for the one hundred Indians, the three great chiefs need not have been slain, the one hundred Indians would not have been marched into the pit.

Will it be possible, when Guido comes to know of the blood of Don Benigno resting at his own father's door, for him to marry the niece of the man whom his father's avarice slew?

Will it be possible to bring this charge

home to the most noble the Marquis, and so get the Government of this unhappy country purged of such as he?

Or, has the strong tree become so crooked in its growth, as that to try to put it straight would be to shiver it to splinters?

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

" Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace."

Sonnets, xxxiii.

THE POLIZON AT FAULT — MAKES A DISCOVERY, AND IN
A SINGULAR WAY — SHOWING ON WHAT ACCIDENTS
DISCOVERIES ARE GENERALLY MADE, AND HOW
FREQUENTLY MADE WHEN THEY CEASE TO BE OF
ANY SERVICE.

WHEN the Polizon had finished collecting the evidence for the Indians' case, which he determined upon trying in the Supreme Court, he found himself in a mood that was altogether new, strange, and even startling; for the new circumstances by which he was surrounded compelled him to look with different eyes on a question which he had

tried to answer candidly and honestly; and which he must confess, now that he had answered it, was no candid and honest answer after all. He had never doubted that his countrymen, in their methods of dealing with the Indians, had ever been actuated by selfishness and greed, and that all Spaniards, the moment they landed on the soil of Peru, became converted into inferior beings, whose delight consisted in torturing the wretched victims of their griping avarice.

His case against Alliaga and against the Marquis de Pan y Agua was indisputable. He had carefully picked up the evidence in all its detached pieces, as if it were some complicated machine, whose several parts had been hidden away in different places for pure puzzlement; and now that he had collected them together, and began to think of setting the completed mechanism in motion, it occurred to him, for the first time, that neither he nor his countrymen,

nor the Indians, were the authors of that case—that piece of mechanism; but that there was another forming power of God or devil at the bottom of it all, and ever would be, to the end of the chapter.

It was a curious sight to watch the effect of this mental discovery on the conduct of the practical Polizon—as, indeed, more curious still was the way in which the discovery was made. It was something on this wise:—

Guido, Paulina, and the Polizon were seated together in one of the large, quiet rooms of the farmhouse, the windows of which looked on to the vega, or cultivated plain, which stretched itself in mellow colour to the blue horizon, which seemed to hold it as in a frame. The warmth of the sunshine made the day as quiet as night, and there was a delicious sense of rest in the myriads of motionless, tall stalks of Indian corn on which the sunshine rested.

Guido was gazing on the scene like one with deep wounds, whose cure required an ample repose. Paulina was kneeling at his side, her hands crossed on his knees, and the Polizon was absorbed in reflection, being still busy with his thoughts, his painful meditations wrinkling his forehead, bringing his eyes together, and giving to his face the expression of a strong animal about to encounter a deadly enemy twice his own size. By means of the "familiar faces"—for they were some of his own Indians—mentioned in the seventh chapter of this history, he was not only able to expose the unique, but no less diabolical, stratagem by which the Indians from Chayanta were smuggled into the silver mines of the Cerro de Pasco, but he had also traced the whole transaction of the Indians' capture to the Marquis de Pan y Agua; and it was precisely at this moment, when the Polizon's face assumed its fiercest expression, that Paulina raised her eyes to

his, and Guido, turning to put some question to the Polizon, saw to his amazement and horror the savage glare with which, apparently, the Polizon was regarding Paulina.

The Polizon had discovered the link which connected Guido's father with the atrocious crime, the full consequences of which were not as yet all brought to light; and the Polizon was so wrapt up in his discovery, that he was insensible of the impression which his looks were producing on Paulina until his eyes met those of Guido.

The face of the sweet Paulina could not have borne a more pained aspect if she had been struck by an angry blow; and sickly hues of fear, alarm, and resentment passed over it, while it was yet in the thrall of the Polizon's unconscious gaze. When Guido's look arrested his attention and recalled him to himself, the whole of Paulina's pain was transferred to his own soul; and

the Polizon felt like some being of noble mind who had been overtaken in an act of meanness, and whose remorse for his fall must be suffered amidst the jeers of the basest of mankind.

The pain of the Polizon was not on account of Paulina discovering his thought; it was not on account of the possible consequences to Guido of his father, the Marquis, having to be tried for his life, and certainly for petty thieving; nor was it because of Guido detecting the frown of concentrated passion which he, without meaning it, directed towards Paulina: the Polizon was as incapable of meanness as he was incapable of cruelty. But it was the thought—reaching far back through centuries, and coming home to himself there and then—that it was possible in this world to do much evil while trying to do good; and that much of the undesigned evil that was in the world might be mitigated, or even cast out altogether, but for the little

officiousness of busy men, who used their purblind sense in proving that it all really was designed, but that they, by a benign and impartial power, had been raised up specially to cure it. It was the thought that he had misjudged his own countrymen in their dealings with the Indians; that he, in persistently attributing to them the meanest of all motives for occupying the Indians' soil, had probably done more harm than good to the Indians' cause.

Paulina's face, beneath the fierce frown that was never intended for her, represented in its dread, its alarm, its horror of violence, the mistaken Indian shrinking from the presence of a superior nature, and attributing to it nothing but malignant powers that were to be used solely for his destruction.

Guido's face, with its detecting gaze, brought into more palpable existence the dread and alarm of Paulina, giving them a

meaning they could never have had without it, and represented intelligent philanthropy.

And all this, which has taken so many wriggling words to describe, which permanently changed the colour of a strong man's thoughts, took place in the twinkling of an eye; and the truth which suddenly entered the Polizon's brain was the result of a lot of mistakes, unexpressed in words, and compassed only in a delicate net of furtive looks.

Had the Polizon and his friends directed their wise philanthropy to the reform of abuses in the local government, it might have been better for everybody. No laws could be better than the leading laws of Spain for the government of Peru. All that was needed was righteousness in administering them; and the Polizon and his associates had done wrong in giving up all hope of that reform, and taking to petting the Indian, poulticing his political sores with their own private remedies, and at-

tending to occasional disorders, instead of proceeding with might and main for the removal of their cause.

Such were some of the thoughts that were passing through the Polizon's mind, and which caused him to say to Paulina, in a modulated voice, as if he owed her some amends—

“The real murderers of your uncle, Don Benigno, live in Lima. The wretched Indians who inflicted the fatal blow are, in comparison with these, no more to blame than is the dumb, irresponsible dagger in the hands of an assassin.”

“That is very small comfort for us,” replied Paulina, rising from her lover's side, and, in a feminine way, imagining that she could inflict defeat on an argument by refusing to listen to it.

“My dear young lady,” answered the Polizon—and it must be remarked that the translation of all these conversations from the soft language of the South into our

own, robs not only the words, but the manner, of the speaker, of their tenderness—" *Mi querida y mui Señorita mio*, if we can show to you and your family, and to ourselves, that this dreadful deed was never done by our own Indians, but by men who were exasperated to it by worse violence done to themselves and their best friends, we shall no longer be sorry that we took up the Indian's cause. We shall not be surprised for the dreadful deed itself. Had Guido and I been allowed to manage the Lady Lucy's mine, it would have been worked with the same security and the same certainty of success as we have worked our own farm. What has come to pass, Guido and I knew from the beginning. We talked it over on this very spot where we are now sitting; but our worst fears never suggested such consequences as have happened coming upon ourselves."

Here Paulina left the room, sorry to go

away from Guido, but unable to bear the jarring sounds which compelled her to think of her uncle's murder, and of her own danger and escape; even though the sounds were loving words, conveying what were intended to be soothing explanations.

"Forgive me, Don Juan," said Guido, "for listening to you in silence and in sorrow. I am unmanned. The continual thought that has dogged all my senses since Paulina saved me from dying the death of the Inquisitor, has been, not what did happen to me, but what might have happened to her; and although this is but a phantom of the brain, yet it has power, at certain times, to seize me as a fiend seizes the senses of a sleeping saint, turning them into vehicles of blasphemy for his own diabolical pleasure, and which can only be dissipated by plunging into a pool of cold water, and coming up wide awake. The question for us all now is,

what shall we do, and you are the only one who can answer it."

"Do?" answered the Polizon; "there is only one thing to be done. You must all remain here. This is a trial which must be borne; to fly from it would be to make it a life-long burden. I will return to Lima, and bring back Pancha with me. If the Marchioness is able to come, I will persuade her to join us; and then, the sooner you and Paulina are married, the sooner you will be yourself again."

The Polizon once more found that he was again doomed to place himself in a suspicious light with the authorities, and probably in circumstances of great personal peril. He was resolved on procuring the conviction of the Marquis de Pan y Agua in a court of law for his connection with the kidnapping of the Indians who had been compelled into the Lady Lucy's mine. But to do this he must bring as witnesses some of the murderers of Don

Benigno—some of the wretched beings, also, who had plotted the scheme for poisoning the inhabitants of Lima; and all this might issue in proving his own intimacy with the conspirators, and, to the minds of enemies, his complicity with them in their dreadful plot. This, however, troubled him but little: he could establish his own innocence as easily as he could prove his honesty.

The papers found on the body of Oscuras, the Inquisitor, setting forth the revolt of the Indians in Tinta and the neighbourhood of Chayanta; the charge brought against Tupac Amáru and himself, the Polizon, for aiding and abetting the people in forsaking the service of the Spaniards, and setting up independent settlements of their own, were all, he had no doubt, forgeries of the same kind as the deposition of the Marchioness, intended for some similar purpose, but which death had rendered futile. In this the Polizon was mis-

taken; but it was the fate of all men of those times bent on doing good service for the people of that unhappy land to be frequently prevented from knowing foes from friends and truth from lies, when it was most important that no such fatal ignorance should occur, or even be possible.

The idea of making a criminal charge against the Polizon and the rest for enabling the Indians to live by themselves was simply absurd, as it was an Imperial statute law which secured to the Indian that privilege. But doubtless it was the intention of those who had written these papers to prove that the authors of the scheme which drew the Indian into isolated mountains and valleys, for the enjoyment of protection from Spanish cruelty and bondage, were the real authors of the very serious revolt which had broken out.

And, lo! the news had now reached the city of Lima that the revolt was spreading

far and wide; that it had swept over the Cerro de Pasco; that the Indians of Guido Alvaro's farm had risen up and joined it; that all the mines were forsaken, and the miners turned assassins and thieves, and the last victim of their malignity was none other than Don Benigno Alliaga, the good-natured, harmless brother-in-law of the Lady Lucy de Miraflores, the owner of the richest mine in the Cerro.


Before the Polizon returned to Lima, he had restored some of the old cheerfulness and cordiality at the farm. He, Guido, and Paulina rode over the cultivated plain together, the Polizon explaining to Paulina the work that had been done and the progress which had been made within a period of less than three years.

He might have been a veteran general explaining to a wondering girl the plan of some great battle which had been fought there.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"By all the gloom hung round thy fallen house,
By this last temple, by the golden age,
By great Apollo, thy dear foster-child,
And by thyself, forlorn divinity,
The pale Omega of a withered race,
Let me behold, according as thou saidst,
What in thy brain so ferments to and fro."—*Keats.*

IN WHICH THE STORY TURNS ASIDE FOR A SPACE THAT
IT MAY THE BETTER PROCEED—HOW IS THE HOLY
CITY BECOME A HARLOT?—A POPULAR FALLACY
CONCERNING THE TROPICS EXPOSED—THE BISHOP
OF CUZCO AT HOME—A SMALL INTRIGUE.

HE city of Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, had dwindled down to be the second city in the viceroyalty. Once the seat of kings, it became a mere provincial town; a city of palaces was turned into petty parishes; the magnificent habitation of Inca Huayna the Great became a friary; the Temple of the Sun was turned into a shrine of the

Virgin Mary; and the houses of the Virgins of the Sun became, some of them nunneries, and other some houses of quite other fame.

Instead of graceful warriors, its streets were filled with tonsured priests, who dress like females, in long cloaks, and black, hideously shaped bonnets. When there was no war to be carried into an enemy's country, and no barbarous tribe to make mild, and "thro' soft degrees subdue them to the useful and the good," the Inca nobles passed their time in hunting; and the sports of the field were even more dangerous and difficult than the toils of war. But the Spanish nobles who took their place never went to war, except over the gaming table or among themselves—never hunted, except after some forbidden thing for their own selfish ends. And there is as much difference between the Inca nobleman and the Spaniard in Cuzco, and the work done by each, as between

a man of infinite cheerfulness and grace, producing some sweet human result for the increase of the happiness of others, and a staring thing in wax in a barber's shop window, made to look like a man, but which is only a block for the purpose of setting off a magnificent head of hair.

The people in the time of the Incas, whether they were fit for heaven or not—according to a strict theological standard, measured by tonsured priests dressed like females—were unquestionably worthy of the smiling, plentiful earth and the blessed sun, whose fructifying rays they provided work for—plenty of fruit to make blush with his kisses, myriads of flowers to glory in a bloom and form which only his light could weave. In those times Cuzco was the joy of the whole earth, quite as much as Jerusalem was in the time of its poet King. And now, on this very day that the Polizon is descending the Cerro de Pasco, on his meditative way back to

Lima, the working people of Cuzco were living like vermin on the uncultivated hills, and the city of Cuzco was not much better than a pigsty.

Cuzco was the great centre of a vast agricultural region, well watered and religiously cultivated by the hand of man. When it became a Spanish possession, and was parcelled out among the Conquistadores into *Repartimientos* and *Encomiendas*, the glorious wide lands dwindled into miserable patches, shrivelled into comparative barrenness by the destruction of the old watercourses, and the absence of willing hands and hearts to repair them; just as the people, from being members of a free and orderly kingdom, were reduced to slavery, and changed into the surly, turbulent elements of a kingdom, ruled for the most part by one whose name has been often enough mentioned already, or by his meanest emissaries.

Some seven years before the day on

which the Bishop of Cuzco wrote his playful letter to the Last of the Incas, asking for the loan of a thousand ounces, there had been one of those terrible revolts among the Chunchu Indians which, whatever the disastrous result to the Spaniards, always ended in worse consequences to the Indians themselves.

In this case, it was the same monotonous story of tyranny and misrule which had brought about the depopulation of other portions of the great and abounding territory. The exactions of the Corregidores produced exasperation among the tribes; and the poor people, instead of rising up and butchering their relentless, ignorant masters, ran away into the woods, or, more strictly speaking, into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But Cuzco had remained uneasy ever since—always expecting that the Chunchos would return with the night, and perform deeds of darkness on a large scale.

A small army was therefore kept garrisoned in Cuzco, with what other effect, certainly with that of keeping the local treasury at a low ebb, filling the hospitals, and providing the Casa de Huerfanos with numerous anonymous children, and the Casa de Locos with more candidates than it could hold.

The city of Cuzco, with its stronger climate, was even more profligate, and was given to stronger vices than the city of Lima; for it is a popular error to suppose that the tropical heats, unless swept by the vigorous air of great mountains or the cooling influences of neighbouring snow, are favourable to the propagation of extreme vice. In Peru, as probably elsewhere, vice in all its manifold forms thrives most where there is abundance of rude health, where there is plenty of ventilation and fresh air, and where there are no lazy mists hanging over hot valleys teeming with life and also with corruption.

Hence, if a man did not live a courageous, upright life in the city of Cuzco, he speedily degenerated into a low, sneaking coward, a gambler, or a priest; and in Peru, wherever these orders held sway, it was always well known where the time was spent and where the money went to.

Without wishing to revile the Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Cuzco, it must be declared of him that he was certainly a gambler. How far he was a low, sneaking coward may be a matter of opinion. But if a man—or even a bishop—borrows money of his friends with which to gamble, the inference may not be difficult to draw; and if a high class shepherd prefers carousing to looking after the life of his sheep—to say nothing of the lambs—it ought, however painful it might be, to be easy enough to pronounce him a coward.

Be that as it may, there was no one in Cuzco who cared to go too deep into theo-

logical matters; and its Bishop never suffered in any one's opinion when he appeared dressed in his gorgeous robes, or headed a procession, or pronounced a blessing with his gold mitre on his head, shining in the sun, and—in Cuzco—supposed to be a flaming tongue of heavenly fire.

The Bishop's palace was, inside, as plain as a monastery. It contained no ornaments, no gold cups and vases; even his candlesticks were of the plainest ware. The table cloth on which he had just been breakfasting was not quite clean, and the light wine which formed part of the meal was contained in an earthen vessel. The floor of the room in which the Bishop sat was covered with Indian matting, and was like the Indian himself—much the worse for being trampled upon. The Bishop himself was the handsomest part of his palace. Although tall and of commanding figure, his round, rubicund face was comely to

look at, and seemed ready to stoop to anything. So that when a mulatto male servant entered the room, and announced—

“My lord, there is an Indian without, bearing a letter, which he wishes to deliver into your lordship’s own hands;”

The Bishop, in a mellow voice, and with a slight gesture of his plump little hand, said—

“Let him enter.”

And he received the “poor Indian” with a smile that would have gladdened the heart of a prince.

“Come hither, chè,” said the Bishop, in Quichua.

And the tall, swarthy man, in his dun woollen armour, came and knelt at the Bishop’s side, who, in return for his blessing, received the long-expected letter from Tupac Amâru in answer to his own.

The Bishop rang a little brass bell for a servant—

“Take this good man and give him

breakfast, and bring him back to me here in half an hour."

There was no haste in the Bishop's movements. He opened the packet, deftly wrapped in a soft skin, with as much calm deliberation as it had been folded up. And when he had read the letter of the Inca, refusing his application for the money, still there were no outward signs of vexation; and with a steady hand he wrote back to his "Son and Inca," in grave words, that it was of the utmost importance he should send immediately the thousand ounces, which were not wanted for any purpose that he would not be glad to support—a statement, considering its moral quality, which might have been suggested by an episcopal certainty of free and easy absolution.

For the Inca was right in his conjecture that this money was needed by the Bishop to pay some heavy losses at *monté*. No one thought of pressing his claim on the

Bishop; and he might, if he so liked, have forgotten that he owed several thousand pounds to the members of the upper classes in Cuzco—no one would have asked him for a single florin. But then, until the money was paid, the Bishop could not play, and the time hung on his episcopal hands like loathsome fetters.

The Bishop of Cuzco's palace had a private door, which could only be entered by his friends. Through this there entered to the Bishop, soon after the Indian had been despatched to Tupac Amâru, a lady as handsome as the Bishop himself, much younger in years, of the same cool and dignified manners, and clad for the most part in a rich embroidered mantle, with which it was the custom to cover the head as well as the shoulders, and now and then to conceal the face from the pricking rays of the sun.

The Bishop received her with tender politeness, kissing her on the cheek, and

giving her his great finger ring—called, doubtless, in very early times, *Su Esposa*—to kiss.

“Have you received any news, my lord?” inquired the lady, bowing intelligently, and accompanying the bow with a smile.

“No,” answered the Bishop, ingenuously, and with a musical voice—“not a word. Incas with money are like handsome women without it, very difficult to please because of the force of their private opinions. All great wealth should be in the hands of the bishops, to prevent the spread of private judgment among those whose passions it is the Church’s duty to regulate for the good of the State.”

“And Incas should come to bishops when they want any money, instead of the bishops having to go down on their knees to the Incas when they are in very great need.”

And, whatever the reader may think of

it, the lady laughed a most delightful ringing laugh at her own observation, in which the Bishop of Cuzco joined, not inharmoniously.

"Caspita," exclaimed the Bishop, "has the Inca made you his confidant?"

"No, I am the confidant of myself and of your lordship," the lady answered, as bold as virtue, and as cheerful as happiness itself.

"Clara," the Bishop began, in a kindly voice, fatherly in tone and accent, "your mother was one of the cleverest women I ever had the joy of knowing, and you are her daughter in that, as well as in her noble face. Tell me thy secret at once, and I promise to do all that I can for thee."

"If I put into your lordship's hands a letter from the Inca, in which you are mentioned, you will promise to return it to me that I may carry it back; and you will then give me another promise besides?"

"Well, Clara," said the Bishop, with as-

sumed carelessness, "I will make the first promise at once, and the next after I have seen the letter."

"Oh, the letter is very interesting; but do promise me, it is not much that I ask."

And the beautiful Doña Clara put on a captivating smile, which convinced the yielding Bishop that the request she was exacting could be nothing very serious.

"Well, I promise."

"And you will do it to-day?"

"Is it very momentous?"

"It is so to me"

"Out with it, then—I am quite ready."

"Promise me on this cross," and the audacious young lady raised the little crucifix which hung round the Bishop's neck to his lips, and he kissed it. He kissed her likewise, as a father might kiss his own daughter.

"The Commandant is sending Alano's regiment to the Cosnipata, after those filthy Indians; and I want you to make him keep

Alano here. You *must* stop him from going—that is your promise; and this is the Inca's letter," drawing it from its place of concealment, and handing it to the Bishop.

The stolen letter was as follows:—

"MY WELL-BELOVED ANDRÈS—My brother, who is thy father, has desired me to give thee a command in our forces. This I shall have great pleasure in doing; but in the meantime I wish you to remain in Cuzco. Keep me informed of all that is passing there, and fail not to advise me of anything which occurs of importance by special *chasqui* (messenger). Keep Tata, whom I send with this, expressly for that purpose. He is a trusty servant, and a great runner. Treat him well; he will give you news.

"I wish you to give me some particulars of my lord the Bishop. Does he play as much as ever, and with whom? Thripa,

who carried a letter from me to his lordship, and who returns at once with an answer, will call on you on his way back. Write to me by him.

“ Prepare thyself, my boy—whom I love as my own son—for great deeds. Think much on the lives of great men, especially of those who helped the weak against the mighty, and who delivered the afflicted out of the hands of the spoiler.

“ May God have thee in his holy keeping.—From thy uncle,

“ TUPAC AMÂRU, Inca.”

The Bishop read the letter; his round, good-natured face became grave, his dark eyes smaller by the heavy brows which came down upon them in a straight line; and he inquired, in tones of undisguised sadness—

“ Where did you get this letter ?”

“ Alano brought it to me,” the lady answered.

"Did he give it to you on purpose to bring it to me?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Or did you first ask Alano to steal this letter from the young Andrès?"

"Yes, my lord."

And the young lady began to think, for the first time in her exuberant life, that she had done something very wicked.

"Alano, whose regiment is ordered to the Cosnipata, is your lover, I suppose?"

"Yes, my lord; and the young Andrès is my sister's lover," said Clara, in a deprecating tone.

"Oh, indeed! Pray tell me something more."

And the lady unblushingly answered the awakened Bishop—

"After I knew they were going to send Alano away, I began to think, and thought all night, what service I could do for your lordship to get you to stop his going, and I could find nothing; and then I asked

Alano what I could do, and he went and brought me that letter."

"Very well," said the Bishop, drily. "I return it to you to carry back to Alano, and tell him to return it without delay to the place from whence he took it, and then he must come here and see me."

The good Bishop—to use a phrase—then adjusted the folds of Clara's mantilla about her charming face, allowed her to depart by the private door through which she had entered, and gave her a small key, which was to be returned to him by the dashing young officer, Alano.


When the Bishop was again alone, he frowned at the Indian matting; he tore open the velvet collar of the little purple cape which covered his shoulders; he took the small velvet skull cap from his head, made a mop of it, and applied it to his scalp and face and neck, which were all covered with small beads of perspiration.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

“By night, by day, afield, at hame,
The thoughts o’ thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
Tho’ I were doomed to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run,
 Till then—and then I’d love thee.”
Burns’s *O were I on Parnassus’ Hill*.

“Dante, on being asked why he had put more Christians than Gentiles into Hell, replied, ‘Because I know the Christians better.’”—Longfellow’s *Notes on Purgatorio*.

AN INDIAN CONQUEST—HOW THE CHURCH HAS IMPROVED AN ANCIENT CUSTOM—THE WHEEL OF LIFE IN CUZCO—A NEW REASON FOR GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE—A REMARKABLE BISHOP—WITH OTHER CURIOUS DETAILS OF LIFE IN THE ONCE SACRED CAPITAL OF THE INCA’S KINGDOM.

 HERE are, in the city of Cuzco, many charming sights of hill and dale; but none more so than that of the Villcanuta, or Holy Height, which is obtained by ascending the Cussipata, or Hill of Joy.

Thither, at the time when Clara was bribing the Bishop, as well as that the Bishop was frowning at the Indian matting, had Clara's sister, Frasca, gone to meet her lover, Andrès, the nephew of Gabriel Tupac Amâru, Inca.

As Frasca continued to climb the Hill of Joy with the springing step of one in perfect health of body and soul, there might have been seen, by any one who happened to be in the blue heavens above him, a youth hiding behind great boulders and pieces of fallen rock, who was watching his opportunity of flitting unseen from one crag to another still higher up on the hillside.

Frasca had before been often puzzled in the same way to find her Inca, as she called Andrès, who had the power and celerity of slipping and hiding himself among the boulders very like to the beautiful hooded lizard.

"Andrès," she called, in a piping voice,

stamping her little foot—not in anger, for she was smiling.

And a voice answered—

“Frazquita,” but in a tone so peculiar that it left no echo, and seemed to leave no trace for either eye or ear to follow it.

“Farruca!” and Frasca turned round to catch sight of the spot from whence the name must have come, but missed it.

“Cúrra!”

Provoking; but that seemed nearer. And it was not until all the pet names, and the diminutives of Francisca—such as the above—and Pancha, Paca, Pacórra, and Carruta, had been gone through in a similarly tantalizing way, that the concealed lover stood revealed at Frasca’s back when she turned round to look for him.

The surprise was expressed in various ways indicative of joy, and the lovers proceeded to climb the hill together. The view from its summit was one of unexampled beauty. The far-off mountains,

reaching to the sky, were brought near by the pure air through which they were seen, and their changing hues made them as expressive as human faces. The soft colours of the plain below, streaked with thin streams of water, which looked like silver serpents; the sapphire sky, filled with air as delicious to breathe as luscious fruit is pleasant to taste, made the silence of the lovers, as they both gazed on these charms, more eloquent than speech.

"Have you seen the Bishop lately?" inquired Frasca, without looking at Andrès.

"Not since the time that he asked me if I were in love with thee," answered Andrès, throwing himself backward from his sitting posture, holding his head behind with clasped hands, and smiling a happy smile at the sky.

"What did you tell him when he asked you that very strange question?"

"I told him 'no,'" said Andrès, laugh-

ing still at his own skill in weaving gracious lies for his lady love.

"Why should you tell him 'no,' when you have so often answered me 'yes' to the same question?"

"Because I wanted him to ask me again, and again, and again, and still to say 'no' to have the pleasure of contradicting so monstrous a 'fib.'"

"And what did the Bishop say when you did tell him the truth?"

"He never once asked me again," said Andrès, who still kept up his smile to himself; but on that Frasca turned her face upon her lover, and saw that he was making fun.

"Do you like the Bishop, Andi?"

"He is very fond of me, I think, and of us both; for he has offered to marry us."

"No!" exclaimed Frasca; her gentle olive complexion beaming like a ripe grape with the sun shining through it.

"That 'no' is to make me say 'yes,' just as my 'no' was to make the Bishop go on with his catechism."

"But, Andi, darling, I shall sit here, if need be, all night, or till you tell me all that the Bishop said."

"Oh, he said I was but an Indian, and could never conquer Frasca, because she was a Spaniard."

"Well, you see, if you loved me when you first saw me, as you say you did, it was my love—the love that is in me—that you loved, or, rather, that conquered yours; and, as you said at the time, what Garcilasso told you—

'For thee the silence of the shady wood
I loved; for thee the secret mountain top,
Which dwells apart, glad in its solitude;
For thee I loved the verdant grass, the wind
That breathed so fresh and cool, the lily pale,
The blushing rose, and all the fragrant treasures
Of the opening spring!'

That is what you wrote to me; and, no doubt, you were taken captive—Viva la

España—and the dear Bishop is quite right,” and she laughed aloud.

“Andrès,” she began again, after a quiet pause, “you *are* an Indian, you know.”

“I am a Christian, Farruca.”

“You are an Indian.”

“The shield is gold, the shield is silver—I am Christian inside, and Indian outside.”

“Well, I can only see the outside—therefore you are only an Indian to me.”

“Paca.”

“Well, sir?”

“Thou art a blue-blooded she Spaniard.”

“I am a Christian.”

“Thou art a Spaniard.”

“The shield——”

“The shield is gold, inside and out,” said the happy Andrès, stopping the rest of the sentence on the lips of Frasca by a sweet kiss.

“When will the Bishop marry us, Andi?”

"When we ask him," said Andrès, simply.

And the matter ended.

During the absence of Andrès and Frasca on the Hill of Joy, Clara had opportunity to return the letter which Alano had taken for her use back to its place in Andrès' room.

The Bishop loved these two sisters with a real father's love. He loved Andrès, Indian as he was, for his truthfulness, the sweetness of his disposition, his devotion to his college studies—perhaps, also, for his wealth; certainly for his attachment to the Lady Frasca.

The Bishop did not love Alano; and the act of abstracting Andrès' letter—stealing it would be the stricter term—pained the Bishop more than the allusion to himself which the letter contained. He was, moreover, convinced that it was Alano who had suggested the little plot to secure him from going on the perilous expe-

dition to the banks of the fever-infested Cosnipata.

It may be as well to inform the reader of this delightful story, in strictest confidence, that these two charming girls were the Bishop's own daughters.

Besides the Bishop himself, only one other person knew of that fact in all Cuzco, and she was their mother, the wife of the great Hidalgo, Señor Don Gaspar de Maldonado. And very *maldonado*, or evil-endowed, Don Gaspar was in having such a wife.

When Clara, the eldest, and Frasca, her sister, were born, they were, whilst as yet no bigger than guinea pigs, carried at the dead of the night to a hole in the wall close to the cathedral.

The reader of the older romances will be reminded of the babyhood of the greatest of all knights of chivalry—how he was placed in an ark, and floated out to sea immediately after he was born; and

how, probably in consequence of that, he became Amadis de Gaula; and how, again, the matchless Oriana herself, when she became a mother, ordered her child, immediately after its birth, to be laid in his swaddling clothes at the church door, whence it was taken in, and he received an education and training that fitted him to become the great Esplandian, a knight, and the worthy son of his sire, Amadis.

These are great precedents, which are useful to the novelist at least, who can bring the authority of antiquity to refute any hostile criticism on the subject of modern manners and customs prevailing in the land where the scene of this story is laid. It is known to every schoolboy that the Paladins who conquered Peru emulated the labours of Amadis, and considered his example as the bright particular star the following of which would guide them to the highest glory.

But to return to the hole in the wall.

In the hole was a wheel, or hollow drum, having an opening, and a small pillow inside it. The drum was always turned with its opening to the street. Put a little baby into that drum, turn it round, ring a bell, and the baby finds itself inside the Hospicio de Santa Teresa, taken in the arms of a lady clad in a religious dress, and carried into a clean room with white-washed walls, having the following inscription over the door, in Latin: "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up"—an evident improvement on the old custom.

In the case of these two children, however, there was not, strictly speaking, a total "forsaking;" for a large sum of money was put into the drum with the little guinea pig, Clara, with a special request that it should be so called; and when Frasca had likewise her turn in the wheel a like sum accompanied her advent to the Hospicio, with a similar request concerning

the name, with the information added that Frasca was own sister to Clara. Both sisters were carefully watched over, and in due time transferred to the convent of Santa Clara, where it was hoped that they would both take to the religious life.

But the daily sounds of fife and drum outside the convent walls, the gay, dance-inspiring music of military bands, so took hold of the young Clara's brilliant and powerful imagination, that nothing could keep her within convent bounds.

Frasca, being more docile, though a more decided brunette, might have been induced to remain; but the good Bishop, who took upon himself the guardianship of the two girls, would not hear of their being separated, and both left the wide expanse of hope and expectation, which formed the chief part of the life inside the convent walls, for the narrower but sweeter realities of a world where were lovers who could address them in inspired

tongues, or dress themselves in such gaudy and royal colours as charmed the eye to look upon them.

So Clara took to soldiers, perhaps on account of the martial music which first called her attention to the existence of another world outside the whitewashed walls of the Hospicio; and Frasca loved a scholar, even though he were also an Indian.

The painful details which belong to the parentage of these two fascinating young ladies would have been kept as diligently from the knowledge of the reader as they were scrupulously kept from society in Cuzco, if it had been possible to do so and at the same time furnish an intelligible clue and explanation to the loves of Frasca and Andrès. The offspring of a priest was looked upon in Cuzco, even in those days, as an accursed thing; and the females were, in the most ruthless—may not one say fiendish?—manner, left to the tender mercies of abandoned women, who nur-

tured them for a course of life which need not now be more particularly specified.

As there is an universal willingness—at least, among the discriminating part of mankind who read this surprising and instructing history—to give even the Prince of Darkness his due (perhaps because he is a prince), let us record to the credit of the Bishop of Cuzco that he had the tenderest and most watchful regard for these his two children.

It is true that if Frasca had been recognized as a Maldonado, no Indian youth, even with royal blood in his veins, like Andrès, would have been allowed to approach her, much less to make love to her. But the Bishop had wider views; and, in all charity, let us put the best construction on a man's motives—even though he be a priest—when he is doing his best for the future welfare of a lovely daughter.

Andrès was no ordinary Indian. He came of the Inca stock; was heir to enor-

mous wealth; was the near relative of the Princess Hilipa, the most noble woman that ever handled gold; and he was, moreover, a diligent and renowned student in the Royal College of Cuzco. Besides, it was well known that many noble and wealthy Spaniards had married Inca princesses; and there could be no impropriety in an Inca prince marrying a charming Spanish girl, the singular beauty of whose person (though her origin would not bear the strictest investigation) would of itself be a sufficient passport into the very best society in the world.

Later in the day, and whilst Frasca and Andrès were playing at hide and seek on the Hill of Joy, the Bishop put on clean linen, and went to visit Clara. As he walked, with dignified and even graceful mien, through the sunny streets of the once sacred but now polluted city, the little ragged rascals—children of the extreme poor—the aged cripples, the loath-

some, diseased creatures whom it were a favour to all men to shut up in quarters which they could never leave—all these went down on their knees as the Bishop passed them, begging only for his blessing. The Bishop arrived at the delightful house where the sisters dwelt, and, passing through the flower garden in which it stood, put himself within the door, and, raising his wonderful and fearful hat, stepped forward and knelt down beside a very aged lady, who sat in what might have been a royal chair.

She was the Bishop's mother, and might have been the mother of the Virgin Mary, or a great artist's model for the picture of one said to be the divinest woman of her day. She was the only mother whom Clara and Frasca ever knew. Her singular loveliness was their sole protection; and the two sisters lived with her in more security than if they had taken up their abode beneath the great altar of any

domed church in the world, and dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles.

The Bishop knelt down to receive his mother's blessing, and then, as if to transfer some of its sanctity to Clara, the Bishop rose and gave her his ring to kiss, and then gently embraced her.

"Señorita Clara," the Bishop began, placing a chair for her, and one for himself close to his mother's, "the soldier is stronger than the priest; the Commandant defies the Bishop. The Church has to succumb to the State, and Captain Don Alano de Piojos goes to Lima. That is all I could do for him and you. He will escape the miseries and the dangers of the campaign in the valley of the Cosnipata. The mission is a highly honourable one for Don Alano. He may return in six months or so to Cuzco; and, doubtless, he will bring you a new fan, or a tortoise-shell comb as big as any which the Queen of Spain ever wore."

The subtlety of the Bishop in making this announcement to Clara in his mother's presence was well rewarded by the calmness with which she acquiesced in it.

"And when must Alano go, my lord?" inquired Clara, with a slight tremor in her sweet voice.

"Oh, he may go to-night," was the chilling reply.

"My darling," said the old lady to Clara, "soldiers are like butterflies, they can only see the flowers when the sun shines."

"Young soldiers, you mean, mother," said the Bishop. "My father, the General, never cared for any other sunshine than what you gave him. Where is Frasca?" he inquired, in an easy tone.

"She has gone to climb the Cussipata with Andrès," Clara answered, in a slight, injured tone of voice; and she began, in some absence of mind, to unpick a gold embroidered flower which she had wrought in a piece of scarlet cloth.

The Bishop remained some time with the ladies, talking with a natural simplicity about very commonplace things, which was a great delight to one of the ladies, and a slight anti-irritant to the other.

When the Bishop at last took his leave, Frasca had not returned from the Hill of Joy. On his way back to his palace, he called on the Commandant of the military forces in Cuzco, and made such arrangements for the disposal of Don Alano de Piojos as will prevent his seeing Clara for a very long time to come. The Bishop would have been glad to see Andrès—not that he was the least anxious on the score of his sending to the Inca any damaging report concerning his gambling propensities, the real affection which existed between them would prevent the possibility of such report being written—but he watched over the love of the young Inca with an unaffected interest which gave him the one pure delight of his life.

If the words of the Inca in his letter to Andrès respecting the offer of a "command in his forces" attracted the notice of the Bishop, he had quite forgotten them, or so absorbed was he in personal matters connected with the loan of the thousand ounces, that the impression which the unusual words had made was so slight that it passed away. The relations between him and Tupac Amáru were of such a nature that the Bishop could never have dreamed of his heading any revolt, much less of his meditating any violent interference with the constituted authorities. The Inca's character was opposed to action of any sort; he was a religious dreamer, fond of pious schemes which could be carried out with plenty of money; but he was utterly incapable of organizing a force or directing the movements of even a troop of mules.

Such would have been the Bishop's estimate of Tupac Amáru, if any one in Cuzco had cared to ask for it.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

"Love ran with me, then walk'd, then sate,
Then said, 'Come, come, it grows too late;'
And then he would have gone—but, no—
You caught his eye; he could not go."

"Behold,
Again art thou where reign'd thy ancestors."

* * * *

"The blood
Of Spaniards shall win Spain for us to-day."
Count Julian.

WHERE WOULD SPAIN BE IF INDIA LEFT HER TO SHIFT
FOR HERSELF?—LOVE-MAKING IN THE DARK—
ANDRÈS AND THE BISHOP—THE BISHOP SWEARS—
WITH OTHER LAY MATTER DEPICTING THE SOCIAL
LIFE OF CUZCO, AND THE MANNERS OF THE CHRIS-
TIAN THERE.



ANDRÈS and Frasca remained on
the hill till all the rose and pur-
ple tints had disappeared in the
sky and from off the mountains, and their
descent of the great steep had to be made
in the dark; nor was it completed till the
stars began to twinkle. The sun sets in

Cuzco almost as suddenly as the lamps are put out in the cathedral—at least, so it always seems to those who at that time have to find their way down the precipitous and dangerous sides of the mountains which rise above the city. The darkness and the danger brought fresh delight to Andrès; for Frasca was as dependent upon his strength and courage, his cheerfulness and agility, as if she had been a little child.

“Where would Spain be now if India left her to herself?”

“She would wait till what you call the ‘lamp of night’ was hung in the sky, and then she would go home.”

“She would mistake shadows for rocks, and break her neck by falling into a quarry.”

“Are you quite sure, dearest, that you know the way?” inquired Frasca; for they were now in the steepest part of the hill—the foothold very uncertain, and the darkness complete.

"I am the way," said the bold lover.
"Put both thy hands on my shoulders,
stoop a little on thy toes, and only move
when I do."

"Oh, Andrès! can you see?"

He had been reading to her, and quoting
from some of the old Spanish books, which
probably none but he knew anything about
in all Cuzco; for reading, alas! was not one
of the pleasures of the gay Cuzcanians,
and Andrès replied by repeating, in cheer-
ing tones, one of the verses he had already
made her acquainted with:—

I am a sailor on Love's sea,
Of all its waves the sport
I sail, though not a hope there be
Of reaching any port.
My only guide a single star,
That distant meets my view;
More beauteous and resplendent far
Than Palinuro knew.*

* "Marinero soy de amor,
Y en su pielago profundo,
Navego, sin esperanza
De llegar á puerto alguno.

"Please Andrès let us get home as quickly as we can. Mamma and Clara will be very anxious," pleaded Frasca, who would have been charmed with her lover if the hill had not been quite so dangerous, or they had not been benighted.

But Andrès, who was really giving Frasca a little rest to recover her trembling knees, answered by concluding the song, altering the name to suit his own purposes—

O, Frasca, clear and shining star,
For whose sweet light I sigh;
If thou that light from me debar,
That moment I shall die.*

They again began to descend, and soon

Siguiendo voy a una estrella,
Que desde lejos discubro;
Mas bella y resplandeciente
Que quantos vio Palinuro."

Don Quixote, Part I., ch. xliii.

* "O, Clara, y luciente estrella,
En cuya lumbre me apuro;
Al punto que te me encubras,
Será de mi muerte el punto."

came in sight of the lights in the city, which seemed like fire-flies in a deep, distant marsh. They served to assure Frasca; who, when she got on to firm footing, and could walk without any help from Andrès, and at her own pace, began accusing him of having kept her on the hill on purpose to frighten her, or to show off his Indian's skill or instinct; but she would be revenged.

When Andrès reached his room, he was reminded, by the sight of his uncle's letter, of the serious news which he had received from the Inca by the lips of the Indian Tata, and which he had intended to communicate to the Bishop for counsel and guidance. But the cheerful day, and the prospect of passing it on the Hill of Joy with Frasca, made him clean forget it.

However, he was early the next morning at the Bishop's palace, telling him all that he knew, and asking for the meaning of it.

"Does your uncle send you that news in writing?" inquired the Bishop.

"No, but by the mouth of Tata. He has written to me a brief letter. This is it, if your lordship would like to see it; but if you would kindly pardon my showing it to you, I should be glad, for it contains an allusion to your lordship which was intended only for me to see."

"I wish not to see it, my boy," answered the Bishop.

He had seen it already. But he was charmed with the frankness of the youth, and with his own perception of his qualities.

The Bishop was bound to believe in the details forwarded to Andrès of the meditated rising of the Indians under Tupac Amáru; but the Bishop knew nothing of the vast preparations which had been making during the past few years for this very time which had now arrived, or he would have taken more serious measures than he was now contented to take. He

knew of the rumours of the coming Chun-
chos, of course ; but that was an old story.
He knew of the commotion in the Cosni-
pata ; but the handful of troops sent there
would suffice to quell it. He likewise knew
of the murder of the three chiefs ; and, as
he considered it quite natural for some
vengeance to follow upon such a deed, he
was satisfied that all would be well when
some Spaniard, even though it were a
Corregidor, had paid the penalty of his
crimes. The Bishop, by his pursuits, by
the colour of the blood in his veins, was,
like all the Spanish inhabitants of Cuzco
and of Lima, as incapable of believing in
the existence of a formidable rebellion
among the Indians as they were incapa-
ble of believing anything else of the
Indian, except that he was, from his
mother's womb and from the beginning
of all time, a predestined slave, and the
Spaniard his predestined master. Had
the Bishop known of the colonies of re-

fuge established by the Inca in the various provinces — although established with no warlike intentions—he would have taken a more serious view of the situation ; but of course he was persuaded that the Indians were as disintegrated as the dry sands of the desert, and as worthless in war as water spilt on the ground.

Probably, the Bishop would not have been so mistaken if his relations with the Inca and with Doña Hilipa had been more distant, and if the sum of two thousand crowns per month had not to pass through his hands for the support, the education, and the general personal expenses of Andrès. The circumstances, however, were sufficiently grave to determine the Bishop on sending Andrès on a special message to the Inca, warning him, and even, in a mild way, threatening him with terrible consequences if anything like organized treason was afoot, and he at the head of it.

Andrès lent but a dull ear to the Bishop's proposal to make that long journey which would separate him from Frasca; and he suggested that Tata, the Indian, might be sent instead, as he would do all that he could do, which was simply to carry a message.

The Bishop sat in a calm attitude for some time, as if watching the evolutions of kings and queens on painted cards, and at last he said, in a decided tone of voice and manner—

“Andrès, this business is so serious that we must do more than send a message—we must send an ambassador to your uncle. You shall go to Tinta, and to-morrow shall be the start. But to-day you shall marry Frasca, and I will perform the ceremony, and add to it my own blessing.”

“Then Frasca can go with me?” suggested the now happy youth.

“I had not intended that,” said the Bishop, thoughtfully; “but if Frasca wishes

it we will not oppose it; only, whether she goes or remains till your return, you promise to start to-morrow?"

"I promise," said Andrès, "on condition that we are married to-day."

"Then," continued the Bishop, "we will settle all that pertains to your embassy now, and then we will prepare for the Sacrament. Andrès," proceeded he, "you see this ring?" And the Bishop took an antique ring from his finger, which bore upon it a cross. "I received it from your uncle, who gave it me in a moment of confidence, after he had discoursed upon the magnificent possibility of restoring the ancient kingdom of the Children of the Sun on the foundation of the Church. A millennium has been the dream of all pure ecstatic men and women from the earliest Church's days; but I never heard, except till to-day, of the coming of the Son of Man being ushered in by murder. Take this

ring to your uncle, and tell him that I have sworn upon it, as I do now"—and he put it to his lips—"to excommunicate, to curse and denounce him, if he becomes a leader of rebellion; that I will take arms against him myself, and will back my soldiery against his, if he takes the field; and, in less than three little months from the breaking out of his mad and devil-inspired strife, his head shall be stuck on the highest point a man can reach in the place where he is taken. But let him restrain this movement, let him keep loyal to his King and to his Church, and I will help him in his own work. I will turn good myself," said the Bishop, the sudden change in his voice showing signs of emotion—"I will never touch dice or look upon a card again. I will be a Bishop such as he can love and honour. I swear it on this poor piece of gold which bears the image of my crucified God."

The Bishop was carried away by the

warmth of his love for Andrès and his child, by his friendship for the Inca, and by the recollection of a life which had probably aided in bringing on the horrible strife and confusion of a civil war.

Andrès was visibly impressed with the Bishop's unwonted seriousness, and with an eloquence which was evidently born of the utmost sincerity.

The marriage of Andrès and Frasca took place that evening, at the home of the Bishop's mother. The Bishop officiated, and there were present, besides the old lady herself and Clara, several aged nuns from the Hospicio and the Convent of Santa Clara, two or three ancient sacristans in new serge cassocks, a chorus of young playmates in their church-going frocks and black cloth mantillas, and one or two students from the Royal College. The tall and majestic lady, with her head and face covered by a black lace veil, who stood in front of the Bishop during the

marriage ceremony, was the Lady Doña Barbara de Maldonado; but no one except the Bishop and his mother knew her.

Andrès, the following day, set out for the seat of war, as he believed it to be, and Frasca remained behind to await her husband's return, and the beginning of that happy journey which leads to the maternal joys. He passed by the Bishop's palace, to take his final leave as he had promised, and was surprised to find the Bishop's grand mule, saddled for a journey, standing inside the courtyard. The Bishop, too, was ready, and mounting, said in his cheerful voice—

“I will see thee a little on thy way, *my son*—we have still a few matters to talk over.”

And away they went, followed by half a dozen mules of the finest breed, and three Indians to drive them, and one mounted capataz, also an Indian, on the best-going mule of the party.

The Bishop and Andrès pushed on ahead; and when they had left the streets of the city, and had gained the path which led across the mountains, the Bishop plunged into the subject which interested him, and which turned out, to Andrès' delight, to be nothing less than the future abode of the newly married couple.

"Of course Frasca will remain with my beloved mother till you come back," continued the Bishop, "which will not be within less than a month; but in the meantime she can be amusing herself in getting all her *cachivaches*" (odds and ends of things) "together, and you will both go into your own house when you return. You will be pleased with the house, for it is one of the best in Cuzco, and I shall look forward to passing many happy *tertulias*" (evening parties) "beneath its once sacred roof."

"Why do you laugh, Bishop?" inquired Andrès; for the short, gurgling sound of

the Bishop's laughter at the "sacred roof" sounded unaptly.

"My boy," said the Bishop, kindly, "that house stands on the ancient site of Hatuncancha, which signifies the *Royal Ward*, and the house itself is a piece of the palace of no less a personage than Inca Yupanqui, and I laughed as it occurred to me that a Catholic Bishop of Spain was about to restore an Inca prince to his natural rights—one of those rights being a royal palace!"

"I will not fail," returned Andrès, reflecting in his own face the good-natured smile of the Bishop, "to tell my uncle, Tupac Amâru, of this very remarkable restoration."

"Tell him, I command you," said the Bishop, with an emphatic nod and an impressive action of the forefinger on which he carried the ring called his wife.

The Bishop did not tell Andrès that the house in question was a part of the rich possessions of the Maldonados. As they reached a steep part of the mountain path, the Bishop pulled up, and said—

"Well, Caballero — Andrès, my boy, adios. You will have a good day for your start. There will be no sun, and you will gain the heights of Picchu in time for dinner. Give my love to everybody, and if you can, go and see Doña Hilipa before your return, and after that come back soon, and bring peaceful news with thee."

Here the two horsemen embraced, as only Spanish horsemen can, without dismounting. Andrès threw the reins on to his mule's neck, letting the animal take its own time and gait up the painful mountain side, and the Bishop, gathering up his reins, started at a good pace back to Cuzco.

Before these two men meet again, the mine which is under their feet will have exploded, and blown them, if not to atoms, certainly very far apart.

The courtship of Andrès and Frasca had begun much earlier than is recorded here, and had been carried on with all the usual incidents peculiar to the voyage of Love on its way to the Port of Matrimony,

but pressing affairs in Lima compelled the record of it to be compressed; and to Lima we must again return, to watch the fortunes of much older acquaintances, and even more important personages and friends.

When Andrès reached the Picchu heights, which was late in the afternoon, he wrote his first letter to his wife, and sent it by the hand of his trusty Indian, Tata. He likewise wrote a note to the Bishop, asking him to keep Tata, in case any news reached him, or anything unforeseen occurred which he might deem worthy of communication by the surest means to his uncle. Tata would also be useful in waiting on Frasca. Was not this the real motive of the young husband in sending Tata back to Cuzco?

While Andrès is ascending the hills, on his way to the seat, be it of war or murder, return we to the great capital of Peru, and see what is now going on in Lima.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY- FOURTH.

“ They shrink in, as moles
(Nature’s mute monks, live mandrakes of the ground)
Creep back from light—then listen for its sound ;
See but to dread, and dread they know not why.”

S. T. COLERIDGE.

“ Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts,
murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood-
red colour.”—*Vanity Fair* (John Bunyan).

THE STORY TRACES ITS STEPS BACK ONCE MORE TO
LIMA—OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES—THE VISI-
TADOR DISCONTENTED, WISHES HIMSELF BACK IN
SPAIN—A HORRIBLE IDEA.



THE city of Lima in the month of
December is always hot, and on
this the tenth day of that month,
in the year one thousand seven hundred
and eighty, it was very hot. The sun-
shine seemed to be turned into a sort
of pale yellow varnish, which coated all
human faces; everything capable of melt-
ing melted; and the yellow mud walls of

the palace, although as dry as last year's raisins, appeared to perspire violently beneath the ten o'clock rays of this morning's sun.

Fat priests, whom duty or need compelled to waddle across the burning plain of the Plaza, turned as red as if they had been just born, and were blushing with the consciousness of much original sin. The city wore its aged, apoplexed appearance. The water in the river hung about the hot boulders, as if it were trying to coddle them, and had exhausted itself in an useless effort. The air was lazy, as if it had crept over moist, sticky surfaces; and the only living things in view capable of disturbing the simmering monotony, and redeeming it from death by a slight dash of character, were the gallinazos—those winged scavengers of the city, who earned their offal willingly, and without sweating. These were now to be seen spreading out their black wings against the burning sky, perched on the crooked vanes of the cathe-

dral towers, or standing on one leg, pretending to be weathercocks, or anything except what they really were—high-flown frequenters of dust-heaps and feeders on feculence.

If the hot walls of some of the aristocratic houses in Lima were, at this piping time, to fall down flat, and expose to view some of their occupants, the sight would not be advantageous—at least, to one of the aristocratic order: the Marquis de Pan y Agua.

Pale, sitting in his shirt, scowling at the matting on the floor of his room as if every fibre of it had eyes which pierced him through to the very core of his misery, as if every broken or frayed filament were a finger pointing at him—he sat fascinated with phantoms of his busy brain, his finger nails between his teeth, and his grizzly chin supported in the hollow of his hand. But these phantoms were not of murdered Indians, as any ordinary murderer's brain might be supposed to be

troubled with. Poor Don Benigno's pale face brought no reproaches for him. What this haggard wretch saw in his mind's eye were long trains of gold ounces and silver dollars going off on their own account into dwellings other than his own. It was as if an invading army of antic knights-errant had entered his coffers, each warrior bearing away his coin, till the last dollar and the last doubloon filed out of sight. And the poor blatteroon could not move one step, or raise a hand to clutch a single piece. As the very last shining gold onza, bearing the image of Don Carlos, King of Spain, slowly left his room, it seemed to linger at the door. The Marquis looked at it and speculated—

“It is going to stay. They will not all forsake me.”

But in that instant the image of the Spanish King became animated, rose from its bright circular gold bed on which it lay, frowned on the Marquis, made a menacing gesture, and finally, spreading

out the fingers of one hand like a fan, looked the Marquis in the face, raised the thumb to the chin, gave the fingers a shake, and precipitously fled to join his comrades. Alas! it was but a king of the mind—

“A false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.”

The Marquis de Pan y Agua was mad!

The Polizon had brought his suit in the superior courts—had traced the Marquis's hand from the beginning, guiding the knife which slew the great chiefs of Chayanta, which put the iron chain round the necks of the Indians who were kidnapped into the Cerro de Pasco. All Lima knew of it. From the Viceroy in his palace to the water-carriers at the fountain, all talked about it; and the comments were very varied, chiefly in the direction that it was a very smart thing to have done. But the Viceroy, the members of the Great Council, the judges, the Archbishop, all with universal scorn condemned him for

having been found out, and thus bringing contempt on his order and a slur on their authority.

But the Marquis cared no more for these things than the great hills cared for the light clouds which sailed across their stern foreheads. His own and only son, Guido, bore testimony against him in the matter of the Indians, and he remained unmoved; and when his wife—his Marchioness—forsook him, disowning his name (a very unusual thing for a Spanish lady of title to do), the proud, heartless incarnation of avarice simply smiled, and remarked that his household expenses would then be so much the less. None of these things moved him. But when the mine again fell in, hopelessly burying all prospect of future gain, then he fell like Lucifer, or as might have fallen any other magnificent creature whose high-blown pride had been his sole support.

Another aristocrat might also have been discovered in undress, had the walls of

his house followed the example of those of Jericho. He, too, was pale, and the wrinkles of his face seemed to have lost all their energetic curves, and to have become straight in the commonplace service of anxiety and annoyance. The Visitador, the Señor Leche de Lobos, could make no progress in carrying out his instructions from the Spanish Court. He saw plainly enough that the royal treasury was being plundered; the state of the royal arsenals, the miserable condition of the army, and the ludicrous condition of what was called the navy, convinced him that the King of Spain was, in vulgar phrase, being robbed, and by the very men whom he most trusted. The great officials of the two forces lived in two wretched little houses, and their private pursuits were unsuitable to men bearing the commission of a King. They slept all through the day, and played cards all night.

The military force in Lima amounted,

on paper, to five thousand men and two thousand horses. The "men" were only half-breeds and of the poorest sort, while the "horses" were chiefly mules; and there could not have been mustered an effective force of more than a fourth of the number, if the King himself had come and called for them.

There was no gunpowder in the Arsenal. It had been sold at enormous profit for blasting purposes to the miners. The Custom House was thronged with officials, but the dues which were collected hardly sufficed to pay their salaries—at least, such was the explanation given to the Visitador. The revenue department in Peru was reduced to the same level as its Christianity: it was a thing destitute of faith or honour. There was an army of revenue officers, but revenue there was none.

The Viceroy's salary was not paid out of the income of the country, but out of the pockets of private men of great wealth.

The collectors of Customs were paid in

private instalments by merchants whose goods passed through the Custom House; and the merchants knew how to reimburse themselves from a public which did not reside in Lima, just in the same way as the great aristocratic ironmongers and dealers in French kickshaws blinded the eyes of the Viceroy with gold ounces, which were squeezed, in the form of millions of reales, out of the distant provinces, by means of the royal wardens and magistrates.

The Church was the only institution possessing any regal state or power, or any regularity in its income and the mode of collecting it. All this the Visitador saw, and was yet utterly helpless in being able to prove it to his royal master; and he chafed and worried himself like a hungry animal who was only allowed the sight of his prey through iron bars. The earthquake had certainly disorganized things. The suffocating heat was likewise another drawback; and he must needs

be patient—at least, until cooler times arrived.

He would have visited some of the chief towns, and intended going to Cuzco, but the distances appalled him. The roads had likewise become unsafe; and, although it was hot and no rain fell in Lima, it was raining a deluge in the hills.

But Leche de Lobos was not the man to live an idle life. He had amassed quires of information, and the case against the most noble the Marquis de Pan y Agua opened up many avenues for official inquiry into that awful maze called the administration of public affairs in Peru. Still, the Visitador could find no hearty, sympathizing coadjutor among the public men in Lima, and he had to ferret out his knowledge from such holes and corners as were left unguarded by them. But his zeal for his King was much tempered down by the daily bewilderment in which he found himself. He was in a constant fog of perplexity. The air was full of rumours,

carried, not by tongues, but as if on buzzing wings. The Indians had risen in the north—no, in the south. The east swarmed with Indians; and these were arming, and making terrible raids on all Spanish settlements. Impossible!—the Indians in the east were only human scum. Only one thing was certain: the weekly posts arrived in the city with great irregularity, and brought nothing definite in the form of intelligence.

It was as difficult to prove who was to blame for the universal rottenness in all the State departments as it ever will be to prove who first planted the thistle in Australia; just as how to cleanse the country of either one or the other is equally difficult. A soil that can produce grapes as plentifully as grass will yield you thistles as tall as trees if you wish it; but expect thistles for evermore, if you dare to make the experiment of growing them. All the king's horses and all the king's men will never be able to clear the land of the nui-

sance after the first harvest. Who first introduced bribery and corruption into the Government of Peru history does not tell us; that bribery and corruption composed the moral atmosphere which everybody had to live in, except those who chose a quiet life in mountains fifteen thousand feet above the ordinary level of things, history does tell us pretty plainly. It also tells how constantly, and at what expense, the Imperial Government set itself to find out the first sower of the noxious seed; and if the records be consulted by anybody who is not a born Jesuit, or a Regius Professor of Moral Prestidigitation, they will prove that such was the sole and only result, sum, and substance that the Imperial activity in Peru ever amounted to. And, still worse, wherever the Imperial Government went in search of its first thistle sower, there the harvest of thistles increased beyond all power of reaping. But these things are a parable, the meaning of which, to some minds, will

never be made plain till a bigger fire than that of Chicago has visited the land of the Incas—and our own.

But there is no reason why we should remain much longer to welter in the sticky heat of Lima, in company with men driven mad of avarice, and others bewildered in an atmosphere of silky seeds, kept in dizzy rotatory motion before their eyes.

There is a migration going on to a sweeter land, and Leche de Lobos can be left to his own thoughts until he is called upon to act; and act he will, as we shall see. Our old friend, the Viceroy, need not be disturbed in his public devotions, which have been lately frequent and earnest. The fat Archbishop may remain in his great arm-chair, his bald head as he sleeps bobbing up and down, like a dried-up melon in a heavy swell of the summer seas. The Great Audiencia need not meet till we issue the summons for it, when we will take our final leave of it,

together with its officer in blue and silver. The officers of the Most Holy Inquisition still believe the Marchioness de Zandunga to be guilty of treason. They believe that the earthquake was a visitation from God to punish flagrant disloyalty to the King of Spain, and that the Marchioness would be a fit offering to the Almighty in recognition of his interposition, and to deprecate any further interference with the arrangements for conducting public worship in Lima. They believe—and they besiege the shrine of the Virgin Mary with passionate prayers on their lips that she would intercede with her Son for an outpouring upon themselves of the fire-calling power—they believe that if the Polizon and his delightful wife, and several other well-known lovers of the Indians, were to be bundled together with the dear old Marchioness, and burnt in the Plaza of Lima, that such a grateful smell would penetrate the nostrils of the Lord God as would make him return a healing and sanctify-

ing smile upon his penitent and believing children.

And that burning will assuredly take place, unless some other equally pious occupation be found for these true servants of the great theological god.

But the idea of such an eventuality is so horrible that we will hasten out of Lima as fast as we returned to it, and seek the company of nobler creatures than those whom we came to cast a glance at.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

"Now my friends emerge
Beneath the wide, wide Heaven, and view again
The many steeped-tract, magnificent
Of hilly fields and meadows."—BROWNING.

A COMPLETE CHANGE OF AIR.



THE quick condemnation of the Marquis de Pan y Agua in the law courts, in the matter of forcibly transporting Indians from their homes, was a triumph for the Polizon and for all Indiada. How far the verdict against the unscrupulous Marquis was any triumph to those Indians who were now beyond the reach of hearing of it, seems never to have been considered. But much was gained by the Indians' friends—a principle had been introduced into the conduct of affairs which mightily concerned the Indians' welfare; a precedent was established which would have a whole-

some restraint on slippery officials or jobbing aristocrats.

The effect of the decision was seen in the migration of several of the principal families of Lima to the neighbourhood of Guido's farm. The lay preaching of the Polizon, and the arguments of the Marchioness de Zandunga, began to bear fruit. To cultivate the earth, to make it yield its glorious abundance, in order that there may be enough for all, of peace, of rest, and of the hope which springs from love founded on justice, these were the deeds worthy of all true Spaniards living in a land that might become renowned as an earthly paradise. The story of the great enchanted city of the South was true enough. It had been only wrongly told. There was gold, but not the yellow stuff which can be stolen; rather the gold of a dear sun whose rays never scorched, whose absence never chilled, where the earth had no plagues, and the air, more gladdening than wine, spread delight through a har-

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monious creation in which man found the perfection of his nature, the very acmé and crown of his being.

Who would live on sour apples in Lima, with its polluted air, its fevers, its vermin, its lingering and repulsive forms of death, when by striking tents we can pluck the grapes of Eshcol in a land of better promise, where neither by day nor by night we need not only not fear any evil, but where the day is too short to enjoy all its pleasures?

There had been murder done; but that was all explained now: it was not murder, but justice making bare its arm. The poor deluded fellows who had despatched the unfortunate Don Benigno had been exasperated into the crime by his likeness to his brother, the Corregidor, who murdered the three chiefs, and planned the capture of the one hundred Indians. This was all now cleared up beyond dispute or cavil; for when the Polizon unfolded that enormous crime in all its atrocity, even the

Lady Lucy was appeased; and the young people, who had looked upon him as a father, came to regard Don Benigno, from the vivid point of view in which the Polizon placed the whole case before them, as a blessed martyr.

The migration from Lima to the mountain valleys of some of the better class, who had begun to find life in the city somewhat hard and monotonous, had been in progress for some time past; but the example of the Lady Lucy and the Marchioness de Zandunga, the persuasions of the Polizon, and the marriage of Guido, gave an impetus to the movement which attracted universal notice.

When these people found their health return, and saw their children thriving, and an air of cheerful happiness surrounding all things, and even the commonest duties invested with new interests because newer and more intelligent motives were called into play, they felt that they had postponed their forsaking of the sinful,

worn-out city too long, and they began to enjoy existence in a manner which testified their determination to make up for lost time.

Every Spanish family that settled on the new land became an addition to the well-spring of intelligence which, like living water, spread among the Indian tribes, carrying in its course strength and courage, order and grace.

Here was a country full of Indians, but not a vestige of oppression. Numerous well-taught, moderately trained Europeans lived among them, and yet there was not an idle, unemployed person in their midst, nor any sign of haste, nor trace of anxiety. The large, well-built houses, each one surrounded with gardens "rich in ambrosial fruit of vegetable gold," standing on the confines of the great plain, at regular distances, seemed like superior sentries on watch and guard.

The house of the Marchioness de Zandunga was built on the slope of hills which

formed the southern boundary of the Valley of Ormigas. At high noon, the sun shone on its four wide balconies equally: but its vertical rays, passing through the pure, dry, mountain air, brought no weariness to the shaded chambers inside. It was the time of rest for men and animals. The day's work began with the sun's dawn; its resting-time was the time of the sun's highest glory; and its close came with the purple shadows when the sun hid himself behind the mountains.

"Don Juan," said the Marchioness, as he and Guido, and Pancha and Paulina, sat together in the Marchioness's room, "we must offer a set of prizes to the people for new flowers. We have had nothing new for a fortnight."

"What will you give?" inquired the Polizon, to whom the remark gave no pleasure, and the Marchioness perceived it.

"I?" exclaimed Pancha, who had regained all her vivacity since she was once more among the hills, and living in deli-

cious sunshine, "I will give a fat pig for a great lily from the Hondurama Lake; and it will be well worth it, for it will take a man a week to go and fetch it."

"That will be wages," said the Polizon, "and not a prize."

"I can remember the time when a hundred men would have gone for the asking, without any pigs," continued Pancha. "Well, I don't care for pigs," she went on, "and I do care for the great lilies. Their little red leaves, in the middle of the soft white folds, look like lips that are fed with children's kisses."

The Polizon would have given a garden of golden lilies to have one child of his own to kiss; but he did not say so.

The Marchioness, who had appreciated the Polizon's difference between a reward and wages, inquired—

"What did I ever give you, dear Don Juan, for the blue orchids and the delightful coffee that you brought me from the Yungas?"

And she smiled at her own question.

"You gave me all I asked for," replied the Polizon, "which was the friendship that is the same to-day as it was on the day that I was first warmed and cheered by it."

"And what did I ever give you, sir?" inquired Doña Pancha, who was as quick as fire at the game of sweet compliments—"what did I ever give you for bringing me—a Polizon?"

"Thou gavest me a world of care, which has been all the heaven I ever knew!"

Here Guido laughed aloud, and, giving his hand to Paulina, rose from her feet where he had been listening, and, reaching down a guitar, began to sing—

"I, Gonzalo de Bercéo, in the gentle summer tide,
While wending on a pilgrimage, came to a meadow side,
All green it was and beautiful, with flowers far and
wide—
A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the travellers might
abide.
There, on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foliage
green,
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and apple
seen,

And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves
between,
None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I
ween.
There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside me
flung,
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the
woodland rung.
Ear never listened to a strain from instrument or
tongue,
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me
sung." *

During the singing of this ballad, Guido's
mother, now called Doña Enriqueta, came
into the room, and the singer gave with
special emphasis the line—

"None were unpleasant to the taste, and none decayed, I
ween."

"I heard thy voice in the garden," she
said, "and it sounded like a call."

The like effect had been produced on
the servants of the house, who by this
time were standing outside the balcony,
each taking a personal interest in the music.

* Gonzalo de Bercé, a Castilian poet of the thirteenth
century, translated by Longfellow. *Notes to Purgatorio*,
384.

"That," said the Polizon, "is a song which we all know by heart, but none can sing it like Guido."

"Canst thou tell us, Pancha," inquired the Marchioness, "why it is that the songs of the Indians are so full of sadness?"

Pancha, who never allowed herself to be puzzled, went straight to a question that has occupied many a wiser head than hers; but which no one has answered so well as she.

"Sad?" she exclaimed; "and is not the sound of the wind full of sadness, if you do not see the leaves on the trees dance to it? When the wind bows the trees, and shakes their small leaves in the sun, it seems like a spirit passing through them, making them glad by his presence. The tune of the Yaravis is nothing without the sunshine of memories; and these are so bright in the mind of the Indian when he sings that he cares nothing for the tune. An Indian's song is like a pearl in an

oyster — the words and their meaning to him are the pearl, the tune is the rough, outside shell; but you would never find the pearl if you only looked at the outside shell, even if you looked at it for ever and ever through the biggest burning glass that ever came from Spain."

Pancha did not deliver herself of this defence of the Indian's music as if she were Hypatia discoursing. What she said was expressed with much difficulty, interrupted by laughter from herself and the rest, and with numerous short questions, which checked it as if it had been shot at on its way to cover. But the ideas were her own.

"I should like to know something of an Indian's sunny memory," said the Marchioness, encouragingly.

"But you would not understand it," cried Pancha, who was somewhat narrow-minded on the subject, as all teachers of esoterics ever are. "What," she asked, "could you make of this?"

To thee, O thou wondrous earth,
O maiden of beauteous form ;
Blue sky that smiles in its tears,
Fair land without sorrow and storm,
I bring thee a song.

The leaping fountains of bright dales,
And the clouds that rock the round moon,
Were cradles of thine early joys,
Which to me thou givest for boon,
And I bring thee a song.

And he goes on to tell her of the winter that will come, and the spring that will follow, and only in the flow of her own song will she call to mind that she was ever dumb with cold. But," continued Pancha, "none of you understand what the Indian means by all that; if you did, you would think his low, sad, murmuring tune, as you call it, beautiful. What can you suppose his meaning to be, if you can imagine such words to come from him at all when he sings all to himself on the lonely mountain—

O, maid of bright beauty and love,
Take the tears that fall from these over-glad eyes,
Bear them on wings of light to the sun,
And flowers to earth shall return from the skies"?

They all laughed merrily, and protested that the Indian's meaning was palpable enough; but were surprised both at Pancha's singing, and the pastoral sweetness of the Indian's song.

Guido was sensibly affected, and in his playful earnestness rose from his seat, took the Polizon by the arm, came and knelt down before Pancha and Paulina, and sang out, in his clear, melodious voice—

“O, maids of bright beauty and love,
Take the tears that fall from our over-glad eyes,
Bear them on wings of light to the sun,
And flowers to earth shall return from the skies.”

They were in the midst of this when they heard the sound of Indians' shell horns blowing; and Guido, rising and going to the door, cried out—

“Why, here come the flowers!”

It was the Lady Lucy, borne on the shoulders of eight Indians, in a palanquin, covered with a tolda, or awning, and attended by her other daughters on foot.

As the sweet old lady mounted the

steps, having been helped by Guido and the Polizon to alight from her palanquin, she entered briskly the Marchioness's room, and began raising her little crutch stick at Guido, and saying—

“I like the palanquin more and more. I get the sweetest little sleeps in it; but do make the men give up blowing those doleful shells. The sound numbs my bones like a rheumatism.”

“Oh, the shell, *mamita*, is part of the palanquin,” said Guido. “I am afraid the men would not care even to carry you, if they were not allowed the pleasure of blowing their own trumpets.”

“Well, get them some brass trumpets,” said the old lady, appealing to everybody; “we shall know what is coming then, and when it will stop. But the sound of these conchas—caracoles—seems to run up to the top of the hills, and shake the stones together, as well as one's bones.”

Pancha laughed merrily, and the Marchioness, giving her an intelligent look,

inquired if the Indian's beautiful maiden did not live inside his shell.

But Pancha, despising such ignorance, left the room, and two minutes afterwards there rose upon the air such a sigh, followed by a wail which swelled into a threnody that seemed to reach the skies, so that all within shuddered as with pain.

"That," said Pancha, coming back, "is the Indian maiden's cry to her lover for succour."

"And a very stony-hearted lover he must be who did not respond to such a cry," said Guido.

The eight Indians outside had blown, in chorus, a "call" at Pancha's bidding, and Guido had scarcely made his remark, when there came, as from out of the earth or borne on the air, one single note of joy that might have been struck from a bell. The sound was quickly followed by another, which increased in volume, till all recognized the hum of human voices and the quick tramp of men running; and five

hundred Indians drew up in front of the Marchioness's house, ready, if asked by her, to die, or, which would have been harder to bear, to go to the ends of the earth for her.

The Polizon, in a dry voice, asked Pancha what she would like the men to do, now that they had come from their labour in the fields at her bidding.

"I," answered Pancha, "will go and give my own orders to the capitaz."

And away she went.

"What will she do?" inquired some one.

"It is, I believe, my birthday to-morrow," said the Polizon; "and it would not surprise me if by daylight in the morning we found a new grove of trees planted close by, and every tree decked with myriads of flowers; but we must not appear to know anything, or Pancha will be robbed of her joy."


In such simple sports and pastimes did the people—our old friends from Lima, who had passed through many sorrows—recover their health at the farm. And,

when not engaged in such as these, incidents giving no less pleasure were constantly occurring which called to some novel form of occupation, and kept up a series of delightful and varied activities which made the pastoral life of the whole colony a constant source of wealth, which neither moth nor rust could corrupt, and which no thief could break through and steal.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

“Good the more
Communicated more abundant grows.”—*Paradise Lost*, vi.

CONTAINING A NOTABLE OCCURRENCE AT THE FARM
— ANOTHER ENGLISHMAN APPEARS ON THE SCENE
— HIS STORY—A CONVERSATION WHICH MIGHT
WITH MUCH PROFIT HAVE BEEN LONGER HAD IT
NOT DEGENERATED INTO A DISCUSSION—“ARE
YOU GOING TO FIGHT FOR THE INDIANS?”

NE of the more notable occurrences which added new life to the farm is worthy of a chapter to itself in this alluring history.

It was towards evening that all the young “lords and ladies” of the chacra were taking their usual ride, headed by Guido and the Polizon, when the latter saw at an immense distance a moving body, which for some time appeared to be nothing else than an invading army. They rode forth to meet it; twenty men, all fast run-

ners, being called from the fields to act as scouts.

"I shall give a striped scarf to the man who comes first back to bring us the news," said Pancha.

The runners at once placed their six best men in front, and started them; then followed four others, keeping their distance from the first; and the ten remaining ones scattered themselves to the right and left of the line which had been taken by the first six, all running at equal speed.

The mounted party slowly rode after them, to give the runners time for parley with the invaders. They soon came near enough to discern who the new arrivals were, and what was their errand; and the sight was as uncommon as it was picturesque. There must have been three or four hundred people, of all ages and sizes, all dressed in different coloured clothes—if the rags which covered them could be so called; and these came on in mob fashion, all straining their eyes forward,

like thirsty creatures in sight of a river of pure water. All the men of the party carried something—a pot, or jar, or sack; and the women carried stacks of light firewood, which were piled and strapped on their backs, and on the top of some of these stacks of sticks there were little babies tied. They had the distressed appearance of so many fine, sleek, and once happy Tom cats, who, by accident, had been shut out of their warm home, and compelled to pass the night in a pelting storm of rain from above and splashing mud from below.

The runners were seen to start back. Doña Pancha took a bright scarf from off her head, and held it low at arm's length, for the first in the race to take as he should pass her stirrup.

"Well, what new thing is this?" demanded Guido.

"These are," was the reply in a manly voice, "a people who have been burnt out of their homes by a volcano bursting

on them. They ask for food, and would stay with us if the Patronos will allow them. There is a Viracocha" (a white gentleman) "with them."

"Let the Viracocha come and speak to us," said the Polizon.

"He is lame," the runner answered, "and they are carrying him."

As the tattered multitude came closer, it was easy to see that they were of the hard-working class, with mild faces, their quiet eyes indicating the patience which belongs to peaceful labour; and Doña Pancha, turning to her husband, exclaimed—

"Now, Don Juan, I can have my fish-pond."

He had some time ago promised her a fish-pond, but the regular work of the farm had not allowed of its being made as yet. With this new accession of labourers, however, the thing could be done; and Pancha already saw her gold and silver fishes swimming in clear running water—its surface covered with such water-fowl as

had no taste for little fishes, and its banks fringed with flowers.

Guido and the Polizon rode forward to meet the Viracocha, who was carried in a finely wrought hammock, made of coloured rushes, four men being his bearers. After the usual friendly salutation, they asked him his name, and the reason of his coming, and who were his people, and why they were fugitives.

"They call me Shyri," answered the stranger; "my own name I have almost forgotten, but where I was born they called me George Sylvestre. How we came here, and why we are fugitives, is a long story. The Spaniards are not to blame for all the devastation and ruin that we meet with in this land."

These words, together with the voice and manners of the stranger, excited new interest; and, after giving directions for the disposal and accommodation of the emigrants, the party of the farm returned home, carrying the Shyri with them.

"Shyri," mused the Polizon, as they all rode slowly forward, "is a northern* name for king, and he said the Spaniards are not to blame for *all* the devastation and ruin one meets with in this land."

"He is no Spaniard," mused Guido; "but seems to know our peculiar passion for turning people out of doors; though in his case, it seems, we are not to be held responsible. I wonder if he is a doctor?"

Paulina and Pancha also went on musing; but they were occupied chiefly with the colour of the stranger's fair hair, his impressive blue eyes, and fine complexion.

"He can't be very much hurt," said Pancha aloud to Paulina; "his voice sounds so strong and sweet."

"But very worn and tired," said the other lady, looking straight before her.

The "Shyri" likewise had his private thoughts, partaking much of the quality of private thanksgiving; and he remarked to

* In Quito, the Polizon meant.

his bearers, raising both his hands as if in wondering gratitude—

“ These are true friends.”

No better evidence could be given to show the progress which had been made at our farm than the manner in which this ragged, miscellaneous crowd of wanderers were cared for. They were not put away in odd corners, where there happened to be room to receive them, but were treated as guests, and with some of those formal civilities which belong to a regulated home, in which all its members contribute to establish a bounding hospitality.

In a full house supper is soon dressed; and the fulness at the farm of milk and fruit, corn and wine, brought strength and gladness to the weary, foot-sore folk who had now arrived there. How much of delight and happiness these in their turn brought to the dispensers of the corn and wine could only be measured in the quickened pace at which prosperity continued its march in their mountain colony.

The very latest proof of it was a fish-pond, provided with living water from the mountains, whose sides were bordered not with flowers, but with polished stones.

The Polizon and his friends were no less rewarded for their hospitality to the stranger who had become their guest; for the Shyri, who had the art of telling a story, related the manner in which he first became acquainted with the people of the Sangai in a manner which called forth both wonder and praise.

The Marchioness cried as much as she smiled on hearing it. Pancha and Paulina listened almost in unquestioning silence. Guido and the Polizon asked questions which were excited by their admiration of the wondrous tale.

If the Shyri had been the bearer of an apostolical epistle to one of the early and remote Christian colonies, planted for protection against their enemies in the Lydian mountains, he could not have excited more love and gratitude, or more wondering

sympathy, by the tidings which he bore. In brief, the story was of nothing but the bark of a tree, which grew in vast forests on the slopes of Cotopaxi and the Sangai. But this bark had given life to a fever-stricken world. Great kings and learned men, devout missionaries and noble ladies, were now employed in sending the precious healing substance to China, to India, and everywhere where men and women were being scalded to death in their own blood. And this cooling *quina-quina*—this bark of bark—had power to cast out the fiery fiend, and make life once more sweet with liberty.

But it was very costly, owing chiefly to the difficulties of getting it. The price it commanded, of course, often depended upon the value of the life at stake; when at the cheapest, it could not be bought except by the rich; and an Emperor on one occasion, for a single pound of the precious substance, gave away half his kingdom.

“I was one,” continued the Shyri, “of

several others, who ten years ago came to buy bark from the people of the Sangai. My companions, however, all died on the expedition; and I should have followed them to the same realm of silence had it not been for these kind souls to whom, with me, you have given shelter and a home. I recovered in their hands, and by means of their kindness; but shortly afterwards they too were visited by a deadly messenger, called the small-pox. It was now my turn to help them. I saved them from being all swept away. After that we burnt down the village and rebuilt it. Every house had its garden, and every garden was a little paradise in comparison with what it had been before.

“One morning it occurred to me that it was now high time for me to return home, and I rose to put that intention into execution. But I had yet to learn the power of the Indians’ gratitude. The men, and the women, and the youngsters, when they heard that I was going to leave them,

flocked to my most magnificent house, which they had built for me, and compelled me to stay on. They called me 'Shyri'—'our Shyri'—and when I discovered that this meant nothing less than 'king,' I, in a humorous way, determined to see if I had any kingship in me, and what kind of thing it was to be a king.

"To show that I was quite honest in making that experiment, I may mention that after the good people had left me, I went back into my room, put my hands in my pockets, walked slowly up and down, and began to whistle."

"Began what?" inquired Pancha.

"I began to whistle a slow tune to my own slow march up and down the Indian matting," said the Shyri, rising from his seat, and going through the performance.

"I was greatly amused," he continued; "for I began to think at once of 'my people,' and how to make them happy; and I said a man cannot be happy unless

he works at something that has got happiness in the inside of it. It is for the sculptor to find a lovely form in a block of marble, and it is for a king to find happiness and joy in his people, and for his people to find happiness and joy in him. I then gave up whistling, for I was getting interested in my own thoughts; and the next thing that happened to me was to find myself being roughly shaken out of a deep sleep by my servant."

Here there was a quiet laugh among the listeners, and Guido remarked—

"You are not the first king who fell asleep in thinking of his people."

"But I remained awake all through the night that followed," continued the Shyri. "The next day I went out to air my kingly functions. I addressed myself to the elders of the village, and my first privy council was held under the delightful shade of a grand old india-rubber tree. My first royal command was to cut bark, my next was to pack it up, and the third was to carry

it to a place called Guayaquil. My privy council carried out the details.

"With the proceeds of our first shipment of this the most precious bark of all the forests, we bought mules, and horses, and donkeys; but our first cargo, of five tons weight, was carried in small lots all the way on my subjects' shoulders.

"Our increase of mules enabled us to strip many thousands of trees in a year. My royal exchequer became alarmingly full—I was troubled with a surplus, and my kingly duties increased every day.

"The tree, once stripped of its bark, of course you are aware, soon dies; and it now became necessary to have a special bark department in my Government, whose chief duty was to see to the planting of fresh trees to replace those that were stripped.

"To bark we soon added coffee; the next year we added cocoa; and to all these, at various seasons, we added gums, sugar, sweetmeats, hammocks, and hats.

"At Malacatos we had forests, many miles

in extent, of custard apples; and it was my royal intention to have done something with this wonderful harvest of sweetness, if the great Sangai had allowed us. But bark was the origin of our greatness, and the source of our fame.

"Sangai, jealous of our happiness, vomited his fiery ashes over our gardens and fields. He burnt up our crops, and consumed our cattle and our horses, and would have destroyed us if he had been quicker in his movements."

"Sangai, who is this Sangai?" inquired the quick Pancha.

"He is a maker of pumice," answered the Shyri, drily; "and, like the brutal monopolist he is, throws away almost as much as he makes, in order to keep up the price of the article."

Thus the day passed in listening to the exciting story of Shyri Sylvestre—of the rise and progress of his kingdom, down to the time of its absolute extinction by the terrible eruption of the mighty Sangai, by

which a prosperous and happy people were reduced to absolute beggary.

"The news of happy mountain colonies existing in the South," resumed the quondam king, "ruled by their own fathers, where no Spaniard cares to follow them, or to interfere with them, reached our ears some time ago, but we were too busy with our bark to take much notice of the tidings. When, however, we were irretrievably burnt out, and the land as well as all that lived on it was burnt up, we turned our faces hitherward; and God, who never strikes with both hands, conducted us to this safe retreat, which must be one of the settlements whose fame we had heard of."

Let it be remarked here that there had been no formal welcome from Guido or the Polizon, no vivacious solicitation from the ladies to induce the Shyri to remain with them. It was rather will anticipating will, in boundless confidence, which fixed his abode in the delightful valley of Ormigas.

"And were all the bark trees burned up?

Is there no more *quina-quina* to be got from there?" inquired the Marchioness.

"There are millions of acres of it still left on the other side of the mountain, and stretching far away from Sangai," replied the Shyri. "But the Spaniards are in possession; the Indians strip the trees, and never plant any; the Spaniard strips the Indian, and it will not take long before the Indian goes the way of the trees. But the story is too sickening for me to tell, or for you to listen to."

"You speak very good Spanish; but you are not a Spaniard?" remarked Paulina, interrogatively.

"I am an Englishman; but you are no more Spaniards than I am," returned the Shyri.

"We are Indian-loving Spaniards," the Marchioness replied, "and hope to teach our countrymen and our Government that the Indians are not only the bone and sinew of these lands, but the real source of their wealth and happiness."

"You have begun too late in the day," said the Englishman. "You may create a sentimental opinion on the subject, which may be of some use to individual characters, but of no earthly avail to the Indians."

And he began playing with the buttons of his polainas.

"We have been of some use so far," the Marchioness replied.

"And you have brought to us a fine accession of strength," added Guido.

"Are you going to fight for the Indian?" inquired the Shyri.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the others.

"Well, perhaps you are going to teach the Indian to fight for himself?"

"No, nor that."

"Don George," said the Polizon, who had been preparing his words in order to make them as few and as plain as possible, "there is too much truth in what you say about the lateness of our beginning to do justice to the Indian; but it is well that we have begun. This little colony which you

see here is but a few years old, and it is the youngest of fifty more like unto it in Peru. But they have all borne fine fruit, and will continue to do so. The Indian has been rapidly dying out of existence, simply because he has not been allowed to take root on his own native soil."

"The soil of this country," broke in the truculent Englishman, "belongs to the King of Spain. If a Spaniard comes here, and finds a silver mine underneath your cultivated soil, he will blow all your fine crops, and the Indian who grew them, into the air. Such has been the divine custom for two hundred years, and it will take another two hundred years to change it."

"The Spaniard has much to answer for, doubtless, and for nothing so much as not training the Indian to take care of himself," answered the Polizon; "but we have not come to believe that it is too late to mend our ways. During the past twenty years I think that we may safely boast of having saved the lives of a hundred thou-

sand people, simply by teaching them the way to live."

This statement closed the Englishman's lips, but opened wider his eyes.

"I can believe it," he exclaimed at last, with enthusiasm. "Hundreds of millions of the finest, tallest, stoutest trees which God ever made fall down dead every year in this mighty land for want of room to grow in—or, rather, for want of a protecting hand to slay their petty but numberless enemies. Every day—on some days, every hour of the day—you will hear sounds like the thundering of cannon. They are nothing else but these mighty trees tumbling to the earth in the full vigour of their strength—pulled down by the rank life which first climbed up their trunks, then covered them over as with a thick earth blanket, depriving them of light and food; and when the wind comes and makes a dance amongst them, the giants are blown over as easily as if they were inverted pyramids. A few human hands

to kill the climbing parasites could easily save a hundred thousand of such trees from untimely deaths in the space of some twenty years."

"Where no Spaniards have set their foot," continued the Polizon, "we found the Indian dying, and that in the midst of plenty. We began by stripping him of his vices, and giving him work to do, and he revived."

"Why, to believe that is as easy as singing psalms," remarked the Doctor. "You cleared the ground, and your trees grew, and became beautiful, as well as strong."

"This is one of the beauties," said Guido—who was getting rather bored with the Englishman's wisdom—rising, placing himself behind Doña Pancha, and singing a line from a favourite pastoral song.

The Marchioness explained the parable, and there followed a glowing description of the good work done in the territory of the great Cacique Zamaichuco, the colonies of refuge founded near all the great

cities and towns, the mines, and haciendas; and the Englishman listened with increased animation, but also with provoking incredulity as to the ultimate and permanent salvation of the Indian whilst under Spanish control.

"You will think me an ungrateful wretch," he burst out, "for appearing to throw cold water on all this generosity of yours, these really noble plans and doings; but I am a doctor. I once gave sight to a blind man who had not seen the light for nearly thirty years. Whilst he was yet blind he was useless; had he been born blind, he might have lived happily on the charity of his neighbours, and felt no pang. When he got his eyesight back, he wanted to do something for himself. So it will be with your Indians. You are teaching them how to live. It is an easy and delightful task; but, even if the lesson be only partially learnt, there will be a fight, and I, for one, should like to take part in it."

"A fight!" they all exclaimed.

"Yes, war," continued the Doctor, with increased animation. "When the Spaniards find that there are a few more hundred thousands of available Indians in Peru than they reckoned for, they will put a tax on their heads; the new-born Indian whom you are producing will simply refuse to pay, and that means rebellion; and rebellion can only be cured by war."

"The Indian," answered the Marchioness, whose lovely face, being lighted up with her aroused intellect, recalled, to those who knew her, the beauty of former years—"the Indian will not refuse to pay taxes to a Government which secures to him equal laws, provides him with security for his life and property, and the blessings of civilization."

"The Spanish Government never did, never will—I might almost say, never can—give equal laws to the conquered Indian," said the unpleasant arguer.

And the interest which all present were taking in the discussion became deeper,

owing to the marked attention with which the Marchioness listened to it, and the evident pleasure which it gave her.

"I should like very much to hear your reasons for that strong assertion," she said, with much sweetness.

"And I," answered the Englishman, "will be very glad to give them; and if I do it in a very dogmatic manner, you must pardon me, and attribute it to my knowledge of what I am speaking, and not to mere vanity. Besides, you must remember that I was once an absolute king, and held it all my own way; and it is as difficult, I imagine, for one who has been a real king, as I once was, to return to the ranks as a docile and obedient fellow-subject, as it is for one who has once eaten human flesh ever to forget its taste or cease to long for it."

They all laughed, and Pancha would fain have had that allusion to eating human flesh inquired into; but that the Marchioness ruled the roast in her mild, per-

suasive manner, and called upon the Shyri to state his royal reasons.

These were quite new to them all, and some doubted the truth of one or two of the assertions; and there was finally a division among them, which, however, led to no strife.

"The Spanish Government, my very dear and most charming ladies," the Doctor began, "never did, never will, and never can bring itself to believe other than that Pagans, or the heathen, as they call them, are anything but proper objects of spoil. It says, and always has said, that only members of the true Church are entitled to hold lands, and that it is the duty of the State to conquer infidels and seize their possessions upon pretence merely of their infidelity.

"You yourselves have never doubted that it was right to seize the lands of the Inca, because he worshipped the Sun instead of the Virgin Mary; and even though the Indians have been converted, and do now worship even as you worship, you will

not restore to them their lands, nor even permit them to acquire any lands, even by purchase, which is so monstrous a piece of injustice that only a strong religious belief in its being the reverse can account for its ever having been perpetrated by rational human beings."

The Marchioness and the Polizon contended that this was an over-statement of the case against the Spanish Government; but on the Shyri inquiring, if it were otherwise, why the Spaniard did not restore to the Indian what was really his own, and even make him compensation, they all rose up; and the Doctor, having no hope of convincing his friends by his arguments, joined in the general desire to sally out into the fresh air, and they went for a stroll round the farm.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which no doubt
Grew, like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty."

King Henry V., act i., sc. i.

AMONG THE INCAS — SCAFFOLDS — A MARRIAGE DAY —
FLOWER MURDER, AND WHAT COMES OF IT IN ALL
"BLACK COUNTRIES" — A TERRIBLE APPARITION.



Y means of a slight framework of scaffolding the building rises to the sky, even though the stones which are to form the uppermost cornice be as heavy as those of the lowest plinth.

The superintending mind of the Polizon, the courage, endurance, and generosity of Guido, the gentleness of the Marchioness, the active kindness of Pancha and Paulina and the rest of the ladies, supplied that

The chief who joined the hands of the "new ones," as the bride and bridegroom were called, was Tupac Catari. After the marriage ceremony there was a ball, and the ball was open to everybody to join; for the marriage day was one of the public holidays of the year, and the ball was danced in the *galpon*—a building capable of holding all the available male population, and which, in our modern philanthropic phrase, would be called the "people's palace."

The ruins of more than two hundred similar "palaces" are still to be seen in various parts of the Land of the Incas; and the uses to which some of the best have been put by the conquering Spaniards are not a little curious. The one in Cuzco, for example, which occupied the chiefest site in the city, was turned into a church, where men no longer went to get health and grace, but simply to pray for them; whilst others were altered into grand private mansions, in which their inmates got

drunk now and then, gambled, and sometimes cut one another's throats.

There is no record of the afflictions of the people who were thus turned out of their playgrounds, and their play turned into a ceaseless round of blinding deadly toil; nor are the books in which the accounts are kept of this direful loss to the world accessible to any of us.

The marriage ball was kept up with vigour. There was no lack of dancers, no lack of fruits and flowers, no lack of fresh air, which was filled with the sound of cheerful voices. The principal dance of the day, called the chain or rope dance, in which all classes—caciques, centurions, labourers, and others—took equal part, was danced with the grace and skill of a people who knew how to add grace to training and discipline, and to derive unalloyed pleasure from both.

The spacious *galpon* was well-nigh filled with dancers, who were ranged on each side in two parallel lines, facing each other.

To every ten persons was given a rope, or wreath, made up of leaves and flowers. At a signal, the dance began by the wreaths being tossed in the air, each line of dancers exchanging its wreaths with the other line, the dancers all moving at the same time in concerted order towards the centre of the *galpon*. It was when this was reached that the skill of the dancers was brought into play—the four parallel lines having now to exchange with each other the flowery wreaths by tossing them above their heads, while the dancers kept up their gyrations. It was an animated and inspiring scene—a thousand graceful figures sporting in musical motion beneath a flower-roofed bower which was sustained by themselves.

If the Viceroy of Peru, the Visitador, or the wretched Marquis de Pan y Agua and the whole Grand Council, could have witnessed that scene, they would never have believed that the greater number of those dancers had but lately been scourged

out of all joy by Spanish whips—had lain in misery and iron in Spanish mines, their only hope of release from the afflictions of life being the approach of sullen death.

But such are the charms and forces of nature, that to those who know that the ugliness, and crime, and all the sickening things which meet eye and ear of those who linger round, say an English coal-pit, do owe their origin to the murder of the flowers which once grew on the daisy hills, the meadow banks, and the rose dales, it is also well known, even to demonstration, that if even there the fresh air could be cleansed of its stifling filth, and the daisy be made again to scatter its snowy beauty round the dwelling of man, the cowslip to dispense its sweetness and the rose its bloom, the fierce human squalor which now turns day into night would disappear from even there like mildew before fire.

The principal dance of the day being over, the Princess Hilipa ordered her palanquin, and was being borne to her house,

when two men, dressed in tight-fitting woollen armour, came running up to Tupac Catari. They were messengers from the nearest outpost of the settlement, and brought the news that some Spaniards, with an escort, were already within the lines.

"Spaniards! How many are there mounted?" inquired Tupac Catari.

"Ten," was the reply.

"Are they armed?"

"Yes."

"Are there any Indians with them?"

"Yes."

"Get you up to the high pass before they reach it; take this staff, and say to the Spaniards that the chief who sends it bids them welcome; but, if they wish to enter here, they must first deliver up their arms to you. You will then conduct them hither. They may shoot you dead on the spot for delivering my message; we shall see. Run now."

And the two brown figures were soon

seen ascending the steep sides of the nearest mountain.

Such was the Inca discipline, that no *chasqui*, or messenger arrived at the camp, but he was joined by three or more men, who accompanied him to the presence of the chief, to be in readiness, if need were, to convey answers or instructions, according to circumstances.

In the present case, no sooner were the two swift runners observed descending the mountain, and making for Tupac Catari, than ten men from among the dancers put themselves on the alert, and drew themselves up in line on the left of the chief, to be in readiness to carry out any commands.

When the two runners were sent back by Tupac Catari, carrying his staff and message to the coming Spaniards, he turned to the ten men and said to them, in a voice that showed not the slightest emphasis or hurry—

“Run to the Red Tower, you will reach it

by the path which runs through the great rock" (pointing with his finger, albeit to them the indication was needless, for they had helped to cut out that passage)—"wait there, watch the movements of the *Viracoches*; they may shoot down Pazque and Hallmani. They will then descend the pass by the Red Tower, in which case you will know how to kill the *Viracoches* as they pass underneath it. If the *Viracoches* come on with arms in their hands, you will kill them. If they come on with peace, and Pazque and Hallmani come with them, you will mount the Red Tower and give them a salute as they pass by."

The ten men ran on their way; and Tupac Catari proceeded to walk about the *galpon* in a mood of apparent indifference.

He was a short, broad-chested man, with an enormous head, on which he wore a high-peaked, wide-brimmed hat; and the large black eyes which beamed underneath it, and which seemed as if they had never winked and never would wink, declared

Tupac Catari to be a very cool, bold, and perhaps a very hard man. Ten years before this November day on which we see him as the commander-in-chief of the Princess Hilipa, he was the Cacique of a large territory called Sicasica, not very far away from the present settlement. He had then taken the Spaniards' gifts, and made himself drunk with their *azua*—a villanous kind of brandy; and for these he had sold his people for slaves, and Tupac Catari had been very near sharing that fate himself—even to such a wretched condition had he been brought by his fondness for the foreign *azua*. He was shaken out of his devil's fit by his relative, Tupac Amâru, taking him in hand; and when Tupac Catari had purged his soul of all Spanish tastes, and could be entrusted with a command, he was ordained to rule over the fast-growing colonies on the banks of the great Lake Titicaca, the chief of which was this home of the Princess Hilipa. He had considerable capacity for organization,

and had the knack of getting more things done by his people than any other chief, and in half the time. He was likewise a renowned potter; and he made not only vases and cooking utensils, but likewise a cooking stove for economizing the use of fuel, which had become painfully scarce throughout all the land of Peru.

Tupac Catari's red pots made every workman's house look ten times prettier, for pots for flowers became as much in vogue as pots for water; and the cooking stoves lightened labour, made finer soup, and introduced new ideas into every household. Pots of the most exquisite *ariruma*—the flower of the pampa, or prairie—were carried by the young people daily, in its season, to Hilipa's dwelling.

Red tiles for roofs were added to pots; so that, with pottery, tile-making, and harvesting, the people had abundance of relish for their pastime when it came. In no part of what might be called the renovated Indian territory of Peru did the

population increase so fast as in this; and it is more than probable that the varied employments, comforts, and even luxuries connected with the introduction and making of pottery had much to do with it.

And now the Spaniards are seen to be coming down the mountain side. The dancing is still going on in the *galpon*, and there is ball playing, and feats with the sling. Tupac Catari has placed himself on the topmost step of the *galpon*, and is looking at the approaching Spaniards with his large, steady, wide-awake eyes. He did not move to meet the representatives of the Majesty of Spain; but, as still as a statue, with his hands folded behind his back, he received the strangers, who, to say the least, were certainly not impressive to look upon.

They were tax collectors, and had come to count heads and take down names. The Spaniards were too much overjoyed with the prospect of a great return in dollars to be insolent, or even careless of their

manners. They saw before them a vast settlement of human beings, houses equal to any in Cuzco or Lima, gardens, meadows, and much cattle.

Pazque and Hallmani, whom Tupac Catari had not expected to see again, conducted the Spaniards to the steps of the *galpon*; and one of them, who appeared to be the leader of the rest, inquired, in a mild voice—

“Cacique, how many heads do you count here?”

“I am not the Cacique,” answered Tupac Catari. “I am only the officer of the Princess Hilipa.”

“Oh, oh!” remarked the Spaniard to his companions, “there be princesses in the dance. We shall be gazetted as discoverers.”

Then, turning again to Catari, he inquired good naturedly—

“Well, how many tax-paying heads do you number?”

“An odd thousand or so,” was the reply.

"You know the exact number?"

"To a man."

"And can give us their names?"

"Not without the Princess's orders."

And there was a little acid in Catari's tone. The Spaniards, however, maintained their polite demeanour, as did Catari his cold civility; but his tongue was itching to order them out of his sight, and he watched for the slightest provocation, as a tiger watches the first movement of its prey.

The Spaniard inquired in a mild voice, expressive of admiration, the name of the great settlement—the finest he had ever seen.

"Chihuichihui," answered Catari, from out of the left corner of his mouth. But this was a momentary invention of his own. The place never had been named. It was known far and wide as the HOME OF THE NUSTA HILIPA—shortened into *The Home*, by those who lived there. The meaning of the word used by Catari was

"a deadly instrument of war," the "rustling of the wind in trees," according to circumstances. It is likely, however, that he only designed to utter a contemptuous sound in reply to the Spaniard's question. Truth to tell, he was fast losing his temper; he regretted that he had not ordered the intruders to be slain in the lower pass; if he could have had his own way he would, there and then, have had them stoned to death. But better thoughts came into his head, and turning away from the representatives of Spanish royalty, he stalked away in slow, measured paces, towards the dwelling of the Princess.

He found her reclining in her palanquin, reading.

"Nusta," he began, "the Spaniards have come with their tax papers. What is your pleasure?"

"Send them to me," she answered, with a sweet smile, raising her eyes from her book; but seeing a scowl on Tupac Catari's face, she said, quickly—"No, stay—I

will go and see them myself. Call the bearers."

Half a century ago she had gone to the palace of the Viceroy, in Lima, to save the Inca from a personal indignity, and had returned from it mutilated for life. She had gone to fetch the pension which the Spaniard gave to the Inca; the Spaniard had come now to demand money from her. She had but to give a word and a sign to Tupac Catari, and every Spaniard then standing at her door would have had his nose slit, his ears cut off, and would afterwards, perhaps, have been buried alive.

It was a delicious afternoon. The air was alive with sounds of gladness, and the warmth of the sun was subdued into a sweet benignity by the breeze from the rippling snow peaks which rose against it, up, sheer, from the Sacred Lake close by.

The royal palanquin, adorned with plates of gold, and fresh-scented with vanilla, was borne along on the shoulders of twenty men, dressed in white, close-fitting, woollen

armour; each man carrying a curiously wrought staff, that could be used as a weapon or as a support for the palanquin. Twenty others walked on each side of the litter, carrying plumes of coloured feathers which served as parasols.

The Spaniards, who had not dismounted, were yet in front of the *galpon*, watching the dancers, when the gorgeous palanquin drew near. A dais being brought, the palanquin was placed on it, the coloured plumes were lowered to the level of the edge of the palanquin, and in the same moment Hilipa rose, as from amidst the levelled plumes, to address the Spaniards.

"Gentlemen," she said, in simple words and tones, "I have come to bid you welcome to the home of the Inca. To-day is a feast. Stay and share with us what cheer we can give you."

Up rose the plumes as the aged Princess sat down; and the palanquin was again on the move, before the Spaniards could determine what to say to this surprising

visit. But Tupac Catari, who had recovered himself of his ill-humour, stepped up to the Spaniards, and repeated to them in less formal words the welcome which the Princess had delivered; and it was not until Tupac Catari gave the order that any Indian came forward to wait upon them. They were then brought to a spacious house; new hammocks, in which no man had ever lain, were slung for them; new mats were laid on the floors; and that night these Spanish travellers might sleep in the finest house they had ever occupied in Peru, and be fed and tended of a people, the remnant of a race whom men of their nation had first robbed and then murdered.

It was an established custom at the Home for the people to pass their evenings at each other's houses; the women carried their embroidery and wool-spinning to their friends' cottages, the men their sandal and sling making. The Princess Hilipa's house was visited as regularly as

the rest; and singing, storytelling, and carving formed part of everybody's pastime.

But on this evening, after all had gone home from the dance, no one turned out to see his friend, not a woman's face brightened the landscape—nothing was heard recited that night but the woeful deeds of Spaniards, which produced the same effect on the listeners as tales of Asmodeus, told in the tragic language of the nursery, have on small children at bedtime.

Tupac Catari likewise was ill at ease. Even he kept himself within doors, and no one went to visit him. The amusements and recreations at his house consisted in modelling things in clay, and drawing odd-looking figures on jars and water bottles; and Tupac might have then been seen sitting in the middle of a spacious room, with a bright red wine jug on his knees, on the sides of which he was daubing a grim-looking devil in black, his

handsome wife, Bartolina by name, and his big sons looking over his shoulder in silence and dumb wonder.

Thus it was that these strangers, so few in number, had shut up every house, turned an universal joy into a nightmare, and had all but succeeded in stealing the very stars from the sky.

They were Spaniards; and had they been capable of dispensing deadly poison by the mere glance of an eye, their presence could not have been more shunned or more abhorred.

And, of all the days in the year, the great marriage festival at the home of the Inca closed in sadness and gloom; and the growth of the summer grass, to use a figure, was deprived of at least one night's space.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY- EIGHTH.

"Put by the curtains, look within my veil;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find
As will be helpful to an honest mind."

The Conclusion—John Bunyan.

AN EXPLANATION — A GOOD LAUGH — PERUVIAN
"BRETHREN AND BELIEVERS" — LIFE AT THE
HOME OF THE PRINCESS HILIPA — CHILDREN AND
DUCKS.

THE Home of the Inca would be unworthy of its name if its tranquillity could be permanently disturbed by an apparition. The reason why the Children of the Sun were so suddenly plunged into sadness and distrust in their own homes by the arrival of a few strangers can be easily explained.

The heart and centre of this great Inca colony was the royal palace of Hilipa, together with its temple, its long lines of

schools for orphan children, and houses for young maidens, also orphans, who were too young to marry. Outside these were the dwellings of the matrons who attended to the schools; the outermost circle being formed of houses devoted to the aged and the helpless.

From this centre there went four great and wide streets, running at right angles—east, west, north, and south; and the houses were occupied in the order in which the people arrived; and those from the east occupied East-street, those from western parts took up their abodes in West-street, the last comers being always located the farthest from the centre. But on the great days of rejoicing, the strangers, the latest to arrive at the Home—as they were always people acquainted up to that time with nothing but grief—these were on such occasions always put into the foremost places; the best seats were given to them, from which to watch the dance, and the ball-playing, and listen

to the music, and eat and drink with people who knew how to smile.

Thus it was yesterday, on the celebration of the annual marriage festival. The men who saw the Spaniards arrive were the men who knew them best; they were those who had the latest experience of their tender mercies, and who had fled to the Home because they had learned that the Spaniards did not even know the path which led to it. These had caused a panic in the outskirts of the colony, which had spread like flame. "The Spaniards had found them out, and those who had run away from the mines would be dragged back to them." This was the cry among the fugitives; and the centurions had deemed it necessary to close all doors, or, as they expressed it in their explanation to the Princess, "They are compelled to put the lid on the pot to prevent it wallowing over."

The Spaniards who had thus troubled the Home by their presence belonged to a

larger body who had been visiting the mines of Oruro and the district roundabout, with the object of looking after the King's fifths—a form of tribute which had lamentably fallen off of late. This Oruro had, within the last few years, grown into a large town, and was thought by some to rival even Potosi in its mineral riches. The fame of it had reached Lima, and had lost nothing in the course of its travelling there. Custom-house officers, attended by a military escort, were at once despatched to the place, and they found Oruro to be an immense city, laid out after the most orderly fashion, and under the government and control of the Inca.

“Yes,” was the reply of the Inca's officer to the Spaniards, “here are mines of silver and copper, and the streams are full of tin; gold also is not wanting. But these are not treasures that we care for.”

“But the King cares, and will make you account for them.”

To the amazement of Don Aurelio

Pisagua, the leader of the Spanish expedition, the Indian chief, in answer to that official statement, set up a loud but good-natured laugh. It was a laugh which suggested the freedom of the mountains, and a vigour and tone which could only come with liberty and fresh air. Had his mule set up a laugh, the Spaniard's surprise could not have been greater. Some screw in the mechanism of the universe must have got loose; for to laugh at a blue-blooded Spaniard is about as safe an amusement as would be tickling the sides of a keg of gunpowder with a lighted match. Provided that the "smutty grain" be not made sluggish with dampness, it will go off with a result, it may fearlessly be said, which is known to every school-boy.

Such, in a figure, was the case. The Spaniard was no longer himself—*he* was as capable of exploding as is a loaded cannon at the bottom of a horsepond. He and his men had ridden for many days,

over hot and blinding deserts, sleeping under cover of rocks, eating the raw flesh of unsavoury birds, and longing in vain for a cup of cold water. Haggard, sick, and worn-out, the Spaniard was as harmless as a pistol loaded with glue.

But it was not for that the Indian laughed—there was not a trace of defiance in the sound. Put into plain words, the Indian's laughter meant nothing more and nothing less than "The King make us! You know nothing of the King, nor does the King know you. But you are starving; come in and be fed."

This Inca-Indian—manful, full of joy, because of the light in his heart, and because of the King in whom he believed—could stand before the sign of the Spanish desolation of abomination and laugh!

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. This was one of the commands of the Indians' new King; and never in this world was that command

so fearlessly, so audaciously obeyed as on the day when Toma Catari—the brother of Tupac Catari, whose acquaintance we have already made—ministered to the necessities of Pisagua and his crew in the Inca city of Oruro.

Oruro was a charmed circle—the place of perfection, the home of the elect; its inhabitants were those who had learned the new Inca doctrines in the lower schools, and had come hither to practise them. The Home of the Inca, where the Princess Hilipa lived, was chiefly a refuge of the oppressed, a stronghold whereunto a man might fly from whips and scourges. But Oruro was the City of Light, the home of instructed souls. When men had learned at the Home that rest from earthly toil and freedom from man's tyranny were only emblems of another rest, and another and better liberty, they were conducted in triumphal procession to Oruro. Oruro was the city of the Great King, and when he should come again his feet should first

stand on the hills which rose above and stood round about it.

The Inca who had died for the world, and had risen again and gone into Heaven, should again come to the world, and bring the light and peace of Heaven with him, that all the earth might be filled with his glory.

This was the true light which shone in Oruro, that transformed the Indian into a man, made his face to shine with joy, and filled his mouth with laughter.

When this light began to dawn on the Inca Indian's mind, it spread like the light of the sun on his own native hills—softly at first and for a brief space; but thence afterwards vividly and with intense ardour. Every day of his life was filled with the expectation of seeing his Lord; and it was for his coming that the earth was cultivated, that the flowers appeared, the birds sang, and the tender grapes gave a good smell.

The Princess Hilipa, who founded this

heavenly Cuzco, would herself have resided there from personal choice; but she mercifully thought of the oppressed, and the sheep who had no shepherd, and so continued to live for their sakes who but for her would have miserably perished.

So that there was for all her people the earthly city of refuge; and the sacred, the earthly Inca, and the heavenly—a world ruled by the laws of Heaven, and a body unmixed with the world prepared for the divine presence.

In this holy place did Aurelio Pisagua find warmth and shelter, bread and wine; and after tarrying there a few days, he came to the pious conclusion "that it was as easy to take as a crowded sheepfold."

And like another Judas, having had his supper, he was the better able to plan and carry out the betrayal of him with whom he had eaten and drank.

"No wonder the King's fifths had fallen off! These people did nothing but grow

corn and wine, and live like fighting cocks. We shall soon change all that."

So the Spaniards left Oruro, with their wallets full of dried meat and potatoes, cheese, and cobs of golden maize, to visit the Princess Hilipa, as we have seen, being directed and helped thereto by Toma Catari.

On the morning after their arrival, Tupac Catari went, while it was yet early, to consult with the Princess Hilipa as to what should be done with the Spaniards. Tupac had made but very slow progress in the Christian doctrines. He preferred pottery to theology, and would have infinitely relished more the flaying of the Spaniards alive to feeding them. Hilipa heard Tupac's reasons for sending the Spaniards away as early as may be with great patience, and she said—

"Let it be as you have spoken; but carry to them this bag of gold as a present from me. And do thou bring them on their way to the Inca, telling them that he

will order the paying of the tribute to the King of Spain, if needs it must be."

"The sooner they go to the Inca the better," answered Tupac.

And he left her, an Indian going before him carrying on his head a bag containing pieces of gold. Tupac Catari had resolved to send the Spaniards to the Inca, whether the Princess had suggested it or not—it was the only way by which he could wash his hands of a business which he considered fraught with danger.

So he called ten of the centurions, and ordered each to get ready ten picked men, and to equip them with sling and staff, coca and charqui, for the journey across the hills to the Inca.

The bag of gold would have been more acceptable to the Spaniard had it consisted of minted money; but as it was, he felt immensely flattered by the present.

Away went the hated faces; and, as the brown line of Indians which accompanied them wound its way round the hills,

the people of the Home turned out to gaze upon it. But Tupac Catari abhorred idleness and disorder; so he summoned the trumpeters, or shell-blowers, who speedily made every hill and cottage tremble with a sound which shook it like the roll of distant thunder. And then the hills seemed to move with the movement of thousands of men, dressed in their brown woollen clothes. Not a man was left in any dwelling—they had all mounted the heights; and the women began tying up bundles, as if preparing for sudden flight. These speedily followed after their husbands and sons, each woman carrying one bag filled with provisions slung across one shoulder, and another bag, empty at present, but by and by to be filled with stones for the slingers, across the other. Tupac Catari afterwards stepped back into his palanquin, his wife, Bartolina, into another, and were both carried with incredible swiftness up to the mountain plain, attended by their sons on foot.

Here everybody was put through the usual Inca military exercises, in order to purge the place of the evil influence which the Spaniard's presence had spread through it.

Discipline was found to be unimpaired. Never had the men run swifter, the squares and lines been better kept; the hurling of stones had never been so deadly in their weight and the precision with which they were slung. Cheerfulness and confidence were restored, and the army returned to the Home amid a wild storm of drum beating, shell blowing, and universal cheering.

The women, with their bags still unopened, were the first to return. Each man would eat a warm supper at home that night, instead—as would have been the case had it been a call to war—of a cold meal on the bleak hills. Then followed the men, all in the order and disposition of the quarters they occupied in the town.

The Princess Hilipa rejoiced in these

military exercises, not as emblems of war, but rather of peace; and when they took place, she put on her robes and her head-dress, and went forth in her palanquin to meet the returning army, preceded by a banner on which was painted the portrait of Inca Tupac Amâru. At the sight of this there would go up a ringing cheer from the whole assembly, to be followed by the singing of what might be termed the National Anthem; and the men would glide away to their homes as happy as children let out of school. The Princess would stand as erect as a tulip, and enjoy the same sort of dainty pride as that flower might be supposed to feel in looking down on a bed of daisies, as she thought, "They will one day know better things than these."

Alas! they were all children. Even the black-eyed Tupac, with his pottery and devil daubing, his drilling and shell blowing, and stone slinging and dancing, was nothing better than a big child.

They lived and wrought, and ate and drank, and prattled like children. Like children they sang, and were pleased with a child's success; like children they had no thought for the morrow. They forgave their enemies, they prayed, they believed, they loved, they feared like children. They had no quarrels among them, no lawsuits, no locks or bolts on their doors, no doctors, no lawyers, and no priests. At least, there was no hierarchy; for those who officiated in the temple made their own boots and shoes, tilled the soil, and had not the slightest pretence to any nearer acquaintance with the Almighty than was possessed by the whole community.

And, also, they had no gunpowder.

Not far from this settlement of wonderful beings was a very shallow lake, two or three miles wide, which a child could wade through from one side to the other without wetting its garters. Coming on it suddenly, to the traveller, on first seeing it from the top of the mountain, which he must descend in

order to reach its margin, it has the appearance of a mighty looking glass fallen out of its frame. Paddling up and down and round about, or standing on one leg, or sailing in the air, or having a playful scrimmage among themselves, are to be seen an innumerable multitude of scarlet ibises—ducks with dazzling white bodies and wings of green and violet plumage, their feet and beaks being red; water hens, grey with age or happiness; together with white and black mews; and mixing with these feathered flocks will be seen a smaller bird, called the Incahuallpa, who guards the hours as they fly in the night as regularly as a clock.

And not less helpless, although they may be not less happy than those beautiful birds, will be the people whose soil sparkles with gold, and out of whose hills you may dig brass if they are destitute of that which "makes one man as tall as another," and there comes on them a small army of tall, powder-smelling beings, under

the command of a creature called Pisagua, to whom gold is the one thing needful, and in whose eyes brass is a more precious possession than love and good days.

Round and about yon Oruro, round and about for hundreds of miles this same Lake of Titicaca, where this simple, happy people had their home, the gold and the silver, the copper and tin, with other elements of equal value, in incalculable abundance, remain to this day, as also remain the fixed stars that shine above them; and to the Spaniard of to-day the one is as accessible as the other. Ninety years ago—nay, fifty years ago—he was master, or might have been, of all that wealth, and ten thousand times more besides, lying not much farther off. He is a beggar now, because he knew not how to teach and guide the children whom God had given him. Say, rather, that he was a pompous, brainless, powder-smelling earthling, inflated by theological bellows, blown by the great Pope, who first made him drunk,


and then persuaded him to turn murderer.

These children of the Inca were as busy as bees, and could make as sweet food. They were intelligent, for they compelled the earth to yield them its sweetness and strength in well-ordered obedience. They were a loyal and moral people, for they could live peaceably and orderly together. And they could wait and serve; but, alas, for them, their service was poor, cold, and awkward, except to masters who could give them the wages of human kindness and love. That they likewise believed strongly and wrongly, and had their golden dreams, is no less true; but who would not rather be the confiding Abel, with his calm eyes looking to the heavens, even though they never open to his rescue, than the envious, treacherous brute who knocked out his brains?

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.

"'Tis easy to distinguish by the sight
The colour of the soil, and black from white;
But the cold ground is difficult to know,
Yet this the plants that prosper there will show."
Virgil, Dryden's Translation.

A NEW SCENE — MEN MADE OF MONEY — A VERY STARTLING BET — "WORLDLY-MINDED PERUVIANS" AS WELL AS "BELIEVERS" — THEIR ILL - LUCK — THE VIGIL OF THE LAST DAY — A BIVOUAC.

F the reader regrets that such strongholds as the last mentioned, and other places in the mountains of Caupolican, the Lake of Titicaca, and the valley of the Vilcumayo were turned into mere dovecotes, and that only human doves were bred there, he must remember that they had their origin in the existence of certain hawks, who lived a wild and careless life, and made it their pastime to kill the doves. If it be retorted that the hawks ought to have been shot,

all that can be said is that the dove tribe have ever been noted for a marvellous dislike to gunpowder, and that they have always preferred to live as remote from its influence as their feeble powers could enable them.

Let us hasten, then, to join the society of less insipid people—men with money in their pockets, who buy and sell, and pay taxes. We will anticipate the arrival of Pisagua, and, by a shorter cut than the one taken by him, arrive at the home of Tupac Amâru before he can reach it.

From the height of this stupendous mountain, which rises above the little town of Tungasuca, the residence of Tupac Amâru, one can count innumerable clusters of huts and cottages, which surrounded the town; and there also could be seen the hateful *obrages*, or shops, where hapless Indians were kept at work day and night, weaving thousands of yards of blue woollen cloth. Half a dozen other towns lay not much farther off, and among them Tinta;

and with a telescope one might pick out the house where Alliaga and the rascals from Lima murdered the three chiefs, Rutabata, Pachamata, and Hunanata.

The money which Alliaga, the Spanish Corregidor, or magistrate, or local governor of Tinta, received from the Marquis de Pan y Agua, on a late occasion, had served him well. It enabled him to pay his debts of honour, and he could therefore re-enter the abodes of his fellow-men, partake of their pleasures, and play, and win or lose his money, as it might be ordered by the fates.

On this night of November 9th, 1780, which finds us near the abode of Tupac Amâru, it happened, as the devil would have it, that Alliaga won an enormous sum of money, and the dice-throwing and card-playing went on until morning. He won from everybody—old priests who were proprietors of infernal woollen mills, worked by Indians; mine owners, collectors of taxes, and, strange to say, old

Indians with plenty of money in their pockets, and secret knowledge in their heads as to where plenty more could be found.

The supposition that Beelzebub had superintended the luck of Alliaga arises from the fact that to-morrow is the general taxing day. All the world will have to go to Tungasuca to be taxed, and Alliaga has once more become a favourite with men who on that day will have to pay him money. The collection will be easy, because Alliaga has once more become rich.

"Come, now, double or quits of the poll-tax of my dogs of Indians that I turn up a queen?" exclaimed a fat old priest.

And Alliaga won at least two thousand dollars by the little transaction. Heavy stakes were laid on the most childish events, the most trumpery occurrences; and the brains of these profane men became hotter than if they had been heated by a drink of still viler brewage than they were imbibing then.

"A thousand ounces that the chief of Tungasuca does not pay his taxes to-morrow; who will take me?" inquired a withered old mine owner.

"I will," calmly replied Alliaga.

Bets were made on the amount to be raised by the poll-tax; and, after some of these gamblers had lost all their money, they began gambling their slaves, their cooks and housemaids, and other maids.

And after this fashion did the Spanish Corregidor pass the night of November the ninth, in the year 1780.

What strange, passionate impulse was it that brought thousands of Indians to this inhospitable, cruel corner of the earth?

The answer is as easy as it is painful to give. The Inca lived here, and the men who came were of that numerous class who preferred to see a thing than to believe in it. These were, to use a phrase, the "worldly minded" men, who, having heard of the Inca rule, came to share in what good things were going.

Better had it been for them to stay where they came from—better far to have learned the art of dreaming golden dreams. But nothing could stop the human tide which flowed into the district of Tinta; and as fast as it came, so fast did money flow into the pockets of the mill-owners. The looms were worked night and day. Wool-len cloths were sent to the remotest corners of the great viceroyalty, and gold came glittering at the call for it.

There were good mill-owners as well as bad; but the spiteful vexations, the weary, ceaseless labours, the total loss of all freedom, which the Indian was compelled to suffer, made Tungasuca the Indian's hell.

Alliaga was responsible for this, because the remedy for it lay with him. In vain did Tupac Amâru send his complaints to Spain. His messengers to the King either never arrived at Madrid, or if they did, were murdered before they got back to Lima.

Almost every day, and sometimes twice

and thrice a day, there might be seen rushing into the Inca's house two or more desperate Indians, seeking shelter and protection, begging bread, asking to be slain by *him*, and always cursing the name and service of the Spaniard. And speedily afterwards the Indian would be followed by a negro with a pair of dogs, when he would be made prisoner, and taken back to stripes and madness.

Zagrazmit had at least twenty Indians living in idleness in various holes and corners of the Inca's house; and concerning these hidden fugitives, Zagra had told many and various lies to the men who were searching for them. And this lying had produced such a fever in the Englishman's blood, that he no longer had any scruples about hanging Alliaga if the Inca was still so minded.

A few days back there had arrived at the Inca's dwelling the messengers from the Polizon, bringing with them the poor benighted fellows who were to have poured

the poison into the reservoir at Lima, in spite of St. Thomas, who was supposed to be its guardian. The Inca had to listen to their story; so also had Zagrazmit; and those two men would have been nothing better than the meanest hound of Spain that ever flogged a woman to death, if there and then they had not resolved that on the tenth day of November the Corregidor of Tinta should be hanged, and the beacons on the mountains be lighted that should rouse the souls of all men who knew what the signal meant as much as had their souls been stirred who knew by heart that Indian story.

On the tenth day of November Don Antonio Alliaga was to hold his Court in the name of the King of Spain in Tungasuca.

The mine-owner who had bet his thousand ounces that the Chief of Tungasuca would not pay his taxes on the morrow had his reasons for thinking the bet a safe one. All the mining tools had dis-

appeared from every mine in the neighbourhood! And if the wicked old priests whom we saw gambling with the Governor had been as much on the alert as this one man, they would have discovered that all the muskets in their houses, and workshops, and vestries, and under the "sacred altars" of their churches, had likewise disappeared.

The evening of the ninth of November, at the Inca's house, was unusually serene. The cold wind that had blown persistently for a week, making everybody deaf with its roar, had ceased. The leaden clouds which covered the hills had rolled away, and their heads rose erect into the heavenly blue, and men's eyes with them. Even the scents of the earth had an unusual charm, as if the new glimpse of heaven had made the earth itself glad.

And the one man who of all others would have noticed these phenomena with thankfulness and joy noticed them not. He was intently watching Zagrazmit clean-

ing, and taking to pieces, and fitting together again, certain portable engines of death. His writing table was covered with weapons. The sword had taken the place of the pen; and the Inca, prepared through long days of sorrow, shame, and contempt, was now as ready to spill the blood of his enemies as he had been to pour out his own soul in ink.

Zagra had just finished one of his weapons, and was pointing it, but taking aim at nothing, through the window which looked on to the outer court. An aged Indian, carrying a young girl, came hurrying into the place; and Doña Michaela, the Inca's wife, "a lady very quick of sympathy for the poor," seeing the arrival, went out to comfort the girl, who was crying bitterly. Zagra saw this, so did the Inca; and they saw also a half-breed Indian, more of a Spaniard than a Peruvian, follow the old man into the yard.

There was an appeal for help from the girl to the lady, and the lady raised her

hand to the half-breed, warning him not to approach too near; but he, like the base creature that he was, struck Doña Michaela with the back of his hand, and would have pushed her on one side, and recovered his prey, if the Inca, who had seen all that passed, had not by this time got the "mottled thief" by the throat. In a moment more a horseman, the owner of the slaves, rode, as bold as a bloodhound, into the Inca's courtyard, and in a voice of thunder—or so, perhaps, he intended it to be—interfered, and was in the act of striking the Inca, when another voice, really more like thunder, did very effectually interfere; for Zagrazmit tried the effect of one of his portable engines, and found it deadly indeed. And the first Spanish blood spilt in the struggle that was then started in the Indian's cause was by the hand of an Englishman. The Spaniard fell, mortally wounded, on to the pavement.

The sound of that pistol awoke more

than one soul from the possibility of ever dreaming again. It was the knell of many more; or, at least, of bodies that were supposed to carry the immortal article.

It was yet daylight: the quiet evening had regained its repose, and the Inca's house was again invaded; but this time by two Indian messengers, who had run ahead of those who were escorting Aurelio Pisagua, to announce his approach. In less than half an hour the Spanish official and his company would be with the Inca.

"Know you why he comes?" inquired the Inca.

"He comes for taxes," was the reply. "He went to Oruro first; then he came to us; and the Princess sent him to you, saying that if need were that we should be taxed, you would so order it."

"How many are there?"

"Ten *Viracoches* on horseback, with twenty Indians."

"And how many do you number?"

"Ten tens," replied the Indian.

The Inca ordered that the Spaniards should proceed to the house of the parish priest to get a lodging, and he would see them to-morrow; but the Indians were to come to him.

It was easier to lodge a hundred Indians than one Spaniard. The former always carried their own provisions, and they needed no other bed than the floor on which they sat. The latter generally needed everything, and made it a rule never to carry anything.

But when the one hundred brown clad Indians sent by Tupac Catari were drawn up in two lines in the Inca's courtyard, the Inca came and spoke to them a few words of kindly welcome, and said that he should want them on the morrow. Then he gave orders that they should be well housed and served with a warm supper.

As the night closed in, the wood fires that were kindled outside the Inca's house, for the purpose of boiling the potatoes and charqui for the Indians' meal,

had attracted the notice of other Indians, who dwelt, for their sins, in the little villages round about, and for whom no supper had been ordered by any one. These poor wretches came creeping out of their holes and corners, and made their way to the warmer light which illumined the sky. At least a dozen fires were set going; and before they had boiled the supper, each fire and each pot had attracted two or more Indians than were bargained for.

Now, if the high and mighty royal Spanish chronicler of the Indies, Don Antonio Herrera, had been present, and seen these creatures steal up to the little fires which sparkled round the Inca's home, his "eloquent description of the Indians of Peru," as we love to express it, would have been still more vivid than it is.

"These Indians," he says, in that wonderful "*Tabla general de las cosas notables*," of his five folio volumes, are "very slothful," "very vicious," are "great drunk-

ards," are "by nature lazy," "liars," "cheats," "fickle," "cowardly," "thievish," "filthy," "mutinous," "ungrateful," "inexorable," "vindictive," and "bestial."

The magnificent second edition of this great work, published in Madrid, 1729, was the recognized blue book of the King of Spain, and all his subjects, on all matters pertaining to Indians and their country, manners, customs, and laws.

The eloquence of the above descriptive portrait of the Indians of Peru, as they came skulking round the little fires, which were boiling a sort of Irish stew, on the night of November the 9th, 1780, is only equalled by its graphic veracity.

It might, however, be suggested that, if Don Antonio himself, or any other magnificent Don, had wandered for many dreary days on cold, bleak mountains, living on offal, never sleeping under cover, scarcely ever sleeping, hunted of savage dogs, and when caught flogged within an inch of his life, he might have cut a very sorry

figure under the circumstances, and the artist who had been selected by Majesty to draw his portrait must have turned up his nose at his subject, and speedily got sick of his work.

The Indians who came dropping into the little fires on the above night did look more like logs of charred wood than human beings. But, my magnificent friend, grand royal chronicler, communicant of the Apostolical, sole and only Church Universal, and, for aught I know, member of the Most Holy Inquisition, another chronicler relates that when these poor devils came for warmth and food, and tender mercy that they got them, the men for whom that supper was cooking, when they beheld these their brethren in such awful case, did rise up and make way for them, and would eat of nothing until those "filthy" creatures had been warmed and fed.

On which statement no remark need be made in the presence of grand Spanish chroniclers of the Indies and their readers,

save this—that to-morrow these unsavoury-looking Indians will assist at an unheard-of function, a most curious feat, never witnessed of any Indian in this world of woe before, and which is nothing else than a Spanish Christian, a Don of the Right Catholic and Holy Kingdom of Spain ignominiously trying to stand on nothing, his sole support being six feet of Indian rope, cunningly plaited; and if prayers on such themes can prevail, let all men pray that that Indian rope holds firm and good until its work be done, and the Spaniard, having finished his fandango, be put on his back to rest, until some Indian angel comes, blows a trumpet in his ear, and compels him to wake up to better judgment than was possible elsewhere, for himself and the dwellers in Indiada.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

"Who will not be persuaded that now at length the Great Judge of the world hath heard the sighs, and groans, and lamentations, hath seen the tears and blood of so many innocent men, women, and children, afflicted, robbed, reviled, branded with hot irons, roasted, dismembered, mangled, stabbed, whipped, racked, scalded with hot oil, put to the strapado, ripped alive, beheaded in sport, drowned, dashed against the rocks, famished, devoured by mastiffs, burned, and by infinite cruelties consumed, and purposeth to scourge that cursed nation, and to take the yoke of servitude from that distressed people as free by nature as any Christian."—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"HANG ME?"—THE INCA'S ADDRESS TO HIS CHILDREN
—INCARIAL SACRAMENT—THE INDIANS DO NOT
CHEER—GRAN DIOS! WHY ARE THEY DUMB?—A
FATAL DELAY—A SLIGHT PEEP INTO A SPANISH
"WORKSHOP"—A NEW WAY OF KILLING TWO BIRDS
WITH ONE STONE—ZAGRAZMIT'S CONSCIENCE SMITES
HIM, AND HE TAKES AN OATH, AND MAKES A BLAZE
—ENTHUSIASM—"TO CUZCO!"



It is reported, in dull official phrase, that Tupac Amâru took Alliaga prisoner by surprise, brought him to Tungasuca, kept him in durance for six days, provided him with a confessor, and otherwise gave the sinner

time to "fold his soul up neatly, and direct it to God in Heaven." Unofficial report states quite the contrary. There need be no conflict on the matter, since both reports are strikingly unanimous in their testimony to the one great event—that, the tenth day of November having come, Tupac Amáru caused a gallows to be put up in the market-place of Tungasuca, and on that gallows the Corregidor of Tinta, the representative of his Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, was hanged by the neck till he was dead.

Right in front of the gallows was the little whitewashed church of Tungasuca, and Tupac Amáru mounted the steps, and from thence (after that the negro, Antonio Oblitas, had unceremoniously thrust Don Antonio Alliaga from his firm footing, and left him to swing between earth and sky), he proceeded to address the assembled Indians.

"My children," the Inca began, "there hangs the man who murdered the three

chiefs, Rutabata, Pachamata, and Hunanata. He would have hanged me if he could; but I watched him closer than he knew of. There hangs the man who robbed you of your wives and daughters, and was robbing you day by day of your lives. Murderer, adulterer, and thief; disloyal to his king, and a traitor as well to God—I have hanged him to free you from chains, from starvation, and from death. From to-day there shall be no more slavery in mines or workshops, no more deaths from starvation, no more whips, no more hunting you down with dogs, no more branding, no more *repartos*, no more taxes on your food or on your heads. From to-day you shall live in your own homes, on your own soil, surrounded by your children, your relatives, your friends. Your own King shall rule over you. Your Inca has come back to you. I am he!"

He spoke in Quichua, and, throwing off a cloak which covered his person, he appeared dressed in royal blue velvet, gold

embroidered, a gold chain round his neck, "from which did hang a large gold sun."

Two servitors here came forward, bearing a crimson cushion, and upon it a sceptre of wrought gold, which they presented to the Inca, kneeling. He took it, kissed it, and held it up for all to see.

"Behold!" he cried, "the sceptre of the Inca. From to-day begins the reign of love."

They then brought him a sword; unsheathing it, he cried—

"This is a Spanish sword; and represents Spanish justice. Only against Spanish oppressors shall it be drawn.

"To-day," he exclaimed, raising his voice to its highest pitch, and the sword to arm's length—"to-day the sun which shines on the deadly workshops of this old town, where I was born and you have toiled in sorrow and despair, shall shine on them no more."

After this address, and the ceremonies of clothing and arming the Inca, the Spaniards

declare that he went and heard mass. But the statement is not true. What did occur was the celebration of a very ancient Incarial rite. A gold cup, containing wine made from Indian corn, was brought to the Inca; small gold cups were also brought. The Inca, having drunk of the wine, poured it from the large cup into the small ones, which were handed to the chiefs or centurions, who, having sipped of the sacramental liquor, passed the cups round among the people, who likewise drank of it. The Inca held the larger vessel in his hands, and from it he replenished the smaller ones as they were brought to him by the centurions.

"The Inca!" "The Inca!" "The Inca!" exclaimed each Indian, as he drank of the wine.

"Yea, the Inca," responded Tupac Amâru. "May his love always cheer your hearts as now this wine warms and strengthens your bodies."

The observance of this ceremony had

been insisted upon by the Princess Hilipa, who also wished that the Inca, when he should declare himself to the people, should wear the Inca robes; but, for his own reasons, he appeared in the dress of a Marquis of Spain. It was his right to do so.

The number of Indians now gathered together in the town of Tungasuca could not be less than five thousand men, and they continued to arrive in small groups of tens and twenties until past the hour of noon, at which time Alliaga had been hanging for more than three hours.

Up to this time the most marked silence reigned in Tungasuca. When Alliaga appeared on the scaffold not a human tongue wagged. He was hanged, and he died amidst the most dismal silence. There were thousands of people round about him, and not one opened his lips, even to curse him.

When the Inca threw off his cloak, and appeared in his magnificent clothes, and

declared himself Inca, still not a voice was raised; and the Inca's address was received with the same expressive reserve.

The greater part of that assemblage of swarthy human beings, nearly all young men in years, were deaf! Hundreds of them were dumb, many were more than half blind, all partially idiotic, and the best of them in nothing better than over-driven cattle—perishing of hunger and thirst, their mouths filled with the dust of death—a sight to move the gods to tears.

This hideous discovery was made by Zagrazmit, who, when he told it the Inca, indecorously drew his sword, and swore a great oath in the English tongue that he—Zagra—would not sleep “until every damned Spanish den of a workshop where these poor souls had suffered such mortal terrors was burned to the ground.”

The Inca took off his Spanish blue velvet, and put on his homespun clothes. He brought “his children” into the church, but certainly not to hear mass. Every

house was turned into a hospital. And while he is feeding the multitude with bread and wine, and making vast preparations for an universal hot supper, we will go with Zagrazmit and see how he fulfilled his vow.

The programme of the day's proceedings had been much altered, the only part of it which was carried out being the hanging of the Spaniard. True, the Inca had declared himself. But, alas! he might as well have tried to make himself known to a flock of alpacas. It was his intention to set out that very afternoon for Cuzco; and could he have done so, even with his own armed men whom he had trained, he would infallibly have regained the ancient capital of the Incas. The Spaniards, then very few in numbers, would have been surprised, and the city easily taken and occupied with less than twenty thousand Indians. Above all, the recreant native chiefs who clung to the Spanish rule, and who had already more than once to cry to

Spain for mercy, would have joined the Inca as the deliverer of their nation; and that ancient kingdom would have been delivered speedily from the bondage in which it lay.

It must have occurred to Tupac Amâru, as he threaded his way through the ranks of his emaciated Indians, that he had delayed his appearing too long. He had brought deliverance; but, alas! too late for the captives. He had slain the dragon, but not until it had mortally bitten everybody. It must have been on account of some such reflection that the Inca lingered all that day and through the night in Tungasuca, doing the work of the Samaritan, when he should have been sounding the trumpet of war.

This delay is accounted for by the royal chroniclers in another manner. Tupac Amâru, according to them, was still writing letters to the Spanish authorities, and vexing his soul because no answer came to them. He was in reality trying

to save a lot of human souls who had been drowned in a sea of misery; he was giving bread and broth to the wretched, when he should have been spilling blood elsewhere.

Zagrazmit, who ought to have been made sole commander-in-chief on that day, had insisted upon all the Spaniards being seized, and detained at least, if not put to death, in company with Alliaga. But the Inca gave strictest orders that no Spaniard should be molested. When Zagra, therefore, and his avenging followers came to the first great *obraje* which they intended to demolish, of course they found no Spaniard there—they had all fled. Pisagua and his followers had fled, as a matter of course; and this time it will be no false rumour that shall enter and alarm Cuzco. For there will be a hundred frightened fugitives, all of Spanish blood, who will bear testimony to the hanging of one of their own sacred order and nation, and to other facts no less striking in connection

with this *sublevacion* or uprising of the Indians.

When Zagra, therefore, came to the first large mill, he found it empty—at least, so he deemed it, for no one came out to answer his challenge. It was a long, low, narrow building, made of rough stones and well thatched.

Zagra led the way into the den, but the stench he encountered on entering it sent him back; nor could he and his men pass into it until they had made two large openings in opposite walls, for the purpose of giving circulation to the cleansing, life-yielding fresh air.

This loathsome sty contained several old people, who were chained to the walls. They were living skeletons, and had rather the appearance of huge bats than human beings. The explanation of this dreadful spectacle was that these old and worn-out objects were greatly beloved of their children and grandchildren, who refused to leave them when they were at home for

the workshop. The Spaniard, therefore, took the aged, helpless people, and chained them up in the workshop, in order to keep their young relations at the looms. By this arrangement the Indian could kill two birds with one stone—namely, attend to his weaving, and minister to his aged and decrepid father and mother, or grandfather or grandmother, at the same time. In a corner was found an Indian woman, whose sole clothing was the dark colour of her skin, giving suck to a baby not much bigger than a man's hand. Why, she, too, is chained to the wall! What may this mean?

Well, sir, she was a young woman belonging to the overseer—a sort of wife of his; and yesterday, after finishing a piece of work, she tore it all to shreds with her teeth, which was a dead loss, you know. So they stripped her naked and flogged her. She is to be flogged again to-day; and they will flog that old cripple, her mother, who is lying close by her on the

floor, because she will feel that a great deal more than the flogging she gets herself.

"May God Almighty forgive me for knowing nothing of this infernal cruelty!" exclaimed the Englishman, as he went to get a piece of baize to cover the stricken woman.

There was plenty of food, plenty of cloth for everybody at this foul sink, but not for Indians.

"The more you fed and the better you clothed or cared for an Indian, the less work you got out of him," was the firm faith of the owner of this "workshop."

Zagrazmit and his men carried the captives out of the place into the house of the *obragero*, fed, clothed, and, as well as he might, comforted them. But he felt it to be "poor work." He was ashamed of being a man, since there were men to be found capable of such fell outrage on humanity as he had that afternoon unearthed. He found himself about to exclaim, in a spirit of superior criticism—

reflecting upon, whilst he hoped at the same time to rectify, "the ways of God to man"—"Can there be a God in Heaven who sees these things, and who yet withholds His arm?" but he changed his note, and he said aloud, "It shall be seen this day if there is alive on the earth a being worthy of the name of man."

They burnt down the infamous factory, with its looms, and all their horrible gear. But it was very pitiful to see the rescued Indians' expressionless faces; if they felt any joy for their deliverance, they had no power to show it. Even as their bones could no longer yield one drop of sweat, so their hearts, dried up with sighing, could not pump a little tear from the eye, or wreath the mouth with the faintest smile.

On that memorable afternoon of the tenth day of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty, Zagrazmit and his Indians burnt down five large buildings—all of which presented the same fearful

aspect as this, the first they came to. They likewise recovered a thousand muskets, a good supply of gunpowder, and cloth enough to clothe an army. But there was not an available Indian to swell the number of fighting men. On the contrary, Zagra was compelled to tell off three or more of his own men for each den that was destroyed, in order to look after the famished wretches whom they found inside of it. All the Spaniards had gone. Not one remained to defend his property, or the life of their chief. It was well known afterwards that the Inca could have been easily overpowered and taken, had the Spaniards hung together and shown any pluck.

But it is evident that their unnatural crimes had eaten into their souls, and beggared them of courage. They fled down the steep hills like the angels that fell into hell, or like the swine that, possessed of the devils, rushed down the steep place into the sea, because, mainly, they could not stop themselves.

The reader has already seen one of these pitiable miscreants. Señor Don Antonio Asta de Cabras, who lost his ears and his reason on the slippery sides of the Cerro de Pasco, was the only one who had held up so far on his way to Lima, and, but for his meeting with those hostile Indians, would have conveyed the fearful tidings of the events then taking place in Tungasuca to the Viceroy.

Zagrazmit returned to the Inca with the spoil of the workshops, and recounted the scenes he had witnessed, and what he had done, and what he had felt, and what he had vowed, and how that all the Spaniards had fled, and that there was not left a single Indian capable of slinging a stone, or even walking a mile.

“Do we fire the beacon to-night, Inca?”

“Yea, Zagra, *che*, the beacon that shall set all this kingdom in a blaze must be fired this night, and by thee.”

“I will not fail,” was the response.

And about midnight a great and lurid

flame poured itself into the air from the highest mountain in the range that rose above the town. But, at the first, even this messenger was slow to move, as if it had been bribed by time not to go off. The preparation of it had gone on for years; by slow and painful toil, the combustibles had been piled up, and bound together in one compact mass, waiting for the hour when it should burst into a torch of flame, heralding the dawn of liberty to the oppressed millions who groaned beneath the vilest yoke that vile man ever made for man. But the lighting of it had been delayed too long; there was no leap or spring in the kindled flames, and only towards the close of the burning, when the huge heap of wood had become thoroughly impregnated with fire, did the inspiring wind blow it into the vivid brightness which could command a response.

Zagra's heart gave a bound as he saw the first answering beacon light up the distant sky. It was in the south. In the

space of three hours he could report to the Inca that he had seen, with his own watchful and grateful eyes, fifty fires blazing on as many mountains, east and west, north, and in the loyal south. From the south only could any great strength come, and, thanks be to Heaven, the fires burned bright and steady there. Before the day should dawn, even as far as Buenos Ayres would the people be arming for the fight.

On the day following, the Inca and Zagrazmit, leading a small band of well-trained Indians, entered the valley of the Vilcumayo, and destroyed three or four large *obrages*, surprising their owners into precipitous flight, and collecting more muskets, gunpowder, and several hundred thousand dollars in silver, besides two pieces of artillery.

The Inca had not without reason fixed upon the winter time for his rising. The Indian could find his way in the snow where the Spaniard would perish. The Indian could march through a moun-

tain storm where the Spaniard would be lost.

In forty-eight hours after the hanging of Alliaga, the Inca had roused into action all the great chiefs on whose help he could rely, throughout all the provinces of the south.

From Oruro the mystic cry was set up, "The Inca has come!" and the men from thence—the best that the Inca could command—went forth to meet him; and but for them the Inca would not have held his army together a single week. For they brought the fire of a religious enthusiasm to the work. No petty details of human sorrow could damp their ardour. They would not delay their glorious march to Cuzco for the sake of liberating a few wretches that had been reduced to the level of vermin in the workshops.

"To Cuzco!" was their cry—"the Inca has risen!"

It was on the afternoon of the tenth day after the revolt had begun, and the

celebration of the Inca sacrament was taking place in a mountain village—the Inca making himself known to the Indians, and the Indians receiving him as their lord—that these mighty men from Oruro made their appearance.

The ever-vigilant Zagrazmit had noticed the approach of what seemed to be an army, and mentioned it to the Inca, who had the vision of an eagle; and in an instant, as he turned to look at the coming procession, the fashion of his countenance changed. Had they been angels from Heaven, bringing him by their presence the certainty of victory, he could not have been more strangely elated.

He descended the platform which had been erected in the Plaza for the occasion of the sacrament, and attended only by a few of his trusty Indians (not more than ten, as well as the faithful Zagra), he went on foot to meet the approaching host. On it came like a mountain torrent; but in compact military order. The Inca took

up a position favourable to the marching past him of this real army. But when he was recognized by Toma Catari, that leader halted his men, and gave the signal for a royal salute. Then did twenty men bearing a palanquin, led by Toma, approach the Inca, and beg that he would mount the car and be carried in a manner worthy of an Inca.

The Inca, joyously happy, stepped into it, and was carried through the ranks of the chosen people; and the air was filled with such a shout of praise that seemed to make the very landscape partake of the prevailing joy.

The poor people of the little town hard by, made timid by hideous scourges and by miserable bodily suffering, could not at first enter into this glorious happiness; all pleasure had long ago been washed out, or kicked out, of them, and they were simply borne along out of themselves on the rapture of the men who, like a heavenly host, had come down to earth to

teach them how to behave to their newly found King and lord.

This was, indeed, like a beginning. Had these white-robed, open-faced, nobly healthy, and gloriously happy people stood by the Inca on the tenth day of this same November instead of the twenty-first, there would have been more joy in Heaven than the recording angel will ever tell of.

The Inca was now taken possession of by his people. It was an honour to wash his feet. He was never allowed to walk or to ride when the army marched; he was always carried in the royal palanquin, and the Inca Indians carried joy and peace and blessing wherever they went. The walls of *obrages* fell down at the breath of their nostrils. Nothing could oppose them or stop their progress for a day. "To Cuzco," was their constant, inspiring cry; and on they went, never once dreaming that the Inca would not bring them there in due time.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIRST.

"This is no fiction or poet's romance. It is a tale of wrath and revenge, which, in sober, dreadful truth, enacted itself upon this earth, and remains among the eternal records."

THE FIELD OF BATTLE—THE BISHOP OF CUZCO KEEPS ONE PROMISE AND BREAKS ANOTHER—AN EXPLOSION—A NEW WAY OF BEING PAID IN YOUR OWN COIN—THE CITY OF CUZCO GOES DOWN ON ITS KNEES TO THE INDIAN—HOW THE INCA WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY HIS OWN PEOPLE—AN UNDERSIGNED STRATAGEM—THE INCA'S PROCLAMATIONS—"WILD INDIANS."



THE Inca was now in the very heart of what was once the ancient kingdom of Peru. The Spaniards called it the Bishopric of Cuzco, and it was divided into fourteen corregimientos or districts, each ruled over by a Spanish Corregidor.

Every inch of this splendid territory was known to the Inca—its mountains were all sacred, the valleys were known by endearing names, the rivers by their legends. It

was once the glory of the kingdom, the focus of its light, the treasury of all that it accounted wealth and riches. We will glance at the districts, and try, at the risk of being disturbed by the sight of their names, to get some idea of the field where the Inca pitched his battle.

One of the first of these districts to join the Inca was that of Quispicanchi, running south, the northern boundary of which was the city of Cuzco itself, and occupied an area of sixty square miles. Its magnificent lands were occupied by the noblest Spanish families, who cultivated wheat, and maize, and the precious coca—the latter producing an enormous yearly income. And here likewise were numerous *obrages*, to keep the Indian from idleness in the winter time. The valleys were crowned with dense forests; and be it remarked, these were the haunts of thousands of Indians who had run wild.

Twelve miles to the north of Cuzco began the fertile Abancay, which spread

its fields of corn and sugar-cane, its innumerable orchards, and coca plantations for a hundred miles. In the valley of Xaquijaguana, still fruitful, the story is still told of desperate battles with the early Spaniards, and of the defeat of Gonzalo Pizarro.

To the east, some twenty miles, begins Paucartambo, which runs indefinitely to a distance the eye cannot follow, rich in fruits and corn, and was the chief of the coca plantations in early times. On this, the twenty-first day of November, an Indian chief armed his tribe of seven hundred men and went to fight against the Inca, being led by the Spanish Corregidor—which shall be speedily related.

Twelve miles west of the city came Calcaylarco, the most famous sugar plantation in the world. This district, twenty years before the hanging of the Corregidor in Tungasuca, yielded more than half a million pounds weight of sugar; but there being no sugar in the cane for the Indian,

he refused to work, and the yield fell off lamentably.

Twenty miles south-east of the "Sacred Navel" came Chilques and Masquez, running for ninety miles in a straight line, and famous for flocks of wool-bearing animals.

Then came Cotabamba, rich in gold and silver and much cattle, extending for a hundred miles between the ancient rivers of Arancay and the Apurimac.

Canas and Canches, or Tinta, joined on to Quispicanchi, running south, and was equally large and rich; but the climate being colder than Cuzco, the Spaniards did not choose it for a residence. It was, however, rich in cattle, and the pastures were famous; and not less than thirty thousand mules once a year found here time and place to recruit their strength before passing on to the distant fairs with their loads of merchandize. Tinta was famous in those days of trial for its ready money. Here also were, and are, silver mines of great renown.

To the south-east, some hundred and twenty miles, came Aymaraes, once glorious in corn; and the sweet fruits and Spanish sugar being added thereto, it became one of the most famous of those great districts. Its mines of gold and silver yielded abundance of those metals. But the Indians having learned the knack of dying vindictively, and the Spaniards being too lazy, or too demoralized, to labour themselves, the whole territory got run over with weeds. And so also with Chumbi Vilcas, famed for its fruit and grain, also its much gold and cattle.

Lampa was the chief of the provinces, which were comprehended under the name and title of the Collao, and was some twenty miles distant from Cuzco, and to the south. The appearance of the land in this district was that of a motionless ocean of green waves, which supported multitudes of horned cattle. Here, also, were mines of silver and gold, with the everlasting story of "no hands to work them."

Carabaya, to the south-east, and one hundred and fifty miles away, extending its warm valleys and its cold hills for nearly two hundred miles, was the richest of them all in silver and gold. Here, lying like a pillaged grave, may still be seen the frowning hills of Ucuntaya, where was discovered a "wide vein of solid silver."

Asangaro came next—the land of the potato, and hardy, highland Indians with their whiskey; and lastly—

Moxos, which became a Christian refuge for persecuted Indians to fly to, but was governed by a military officer in command of a handful of troops, who taught the Christian Indians the art and mystery of war.

This was the great district which the Incas peopled with millions of happy families, who made it a garden, and from which were gathered the riches that adorned Cuzco, and made it the Rome of the West.

This was the territory which excited the cupidity of the Pizarros, and caused the

deadly quarrels between them and the Almagracistas, which ended in the untimely deaths of them all.

Here did Manco Inca, in the year 1536, make his chiefs take a sacramental oath "not to leave a Christian alive in all the land;" and that oath would assuredly have been kept if he had been a little more instructed in the crafty ways of the Christian men.

And here is to be made the last stand which the Indian will ever make in this world for the recovery of his home. Let him but keep his forces together, and his best men in good heart by daring great deeds, and all that mighty territory now lost shall be regained, with a sound of praise in which Heaven itself shall keep chorus.

The city of Cuzco was the first of all the great towns to hear the startling news from Tungasuca. Alliaga hanged, and a hundred scared Spaniards gesticulating before the old wrinkled authorities,

bore testimony to this being no false alarm.

The Bishop refused to believe the astounding news until he actually saw the Inca in the midst of the strife. So he assembled his clergy, called for volunteers, and set out to meet this audacious rebel, and, if possible, take him into custody. But the Corregidor of Paucartambo had anticipated the Bishop. Seven hundred Indians and a hundred well-mounted Spaniards, bringing abundance of gunpowder, came and encountered the Inca at the village of Sangarará, something less than twenty miles from Tinta. Amongst the Spaniards were those whose *obrages* were burnt down by Zagrazmit, and their rage on coming in sight of their contemptible enemy became uncontrollable.

All the women and children of Sangarará were put inside the village church, and the Inca, perceiving this, sent to the priest an earnest message, begging him to remove them and carry them farther off.

But the Spaniards refused to allow it. A delay and a controversy took place, and night came on. The Inca could have swallowed up this hostile force with ease, if he could have brought himself to what would have been the inevitable slaughter of the women and little children.

As morning dawned on the snow-besprent hills, the Spaniards were seen putting up barricades; and Zagrazmit, on his side, was planting his cannon, loading the two pieces of artillery which he had taken from the Spaniards with silver dollars; and those *obrageros* who were gnashing their teeth for the loss of them would get them back—in a sense.

The Inca refused to begin the action, and Zagra was getting impatient, when there came booming along and penetrating the hills the sudden sound of thunder; then followed a blaze, and universal bewilderment among the Spaniards. It was a sad accident. All the powder which the Spaniards brought with them they had

stored in the church; and somehow, no one ever exactly knew how, it ignited, and by the explosion all the inhabitants of Sangarará perished; so did many of the Indians from Paucartambo, so also one or two Spaniards; but the rest, led by the impetuous Corregidor, and urged on by the *obrageros*, rushed on the Inca's force, and perished miserably, being shot through with money of their own "making."

Only some twenty or thirty Spaniards escaped being mortally wounded, and these were glad to sue for mercy, and get their wounds looked to—the Inca releasing them, and allowing them to depart for Cuzco.

This was no affectation of clemency on his part. He was powerful, and he could be merciful, and he would begin his reign in compassion for his enemies. On which we need not stop to moralize, although the remark forces itself upon us that it would have been compassion approaching the divine if he had taken those men and

smote them hip and thigh, leaving none remaining.

The Bishop of Cuzco had made a rapid march with his militant priests and friars, and halted at a little hamlet close to Sangarará—so close that when the village church blew up the shock shook the Bishop out of his bed. The Bishop was attended by Pisagua, who had given ample details of what he saw of the Inca's power at Oruro, Tungasuca, and the Home of the Princess Hilipa. His Grace called a council of war, and, while the Bishop was tendering his advice on the importance of going forward, in came the wounded Spaniards, flying from the confusion and disaster of Sangarará, each with a graphic story written all over him.

"More than a thousand human beings had been blown to atoms that morning!" This was their news.

The Bishop returned to Cuzco with his followers, having come to believe in the

fact that Inca Tupac Amáru was actually up in arms without seeing him.

The city became panic-stricken. The cathedral chapter, the corporation, and all the learned men met; and, in their terror, drew up a proclamation, denouncing all who had ill-treated the Indian, abolishing all forced service in mines or workshops, all taxes on the Indian's provisions, and holding out the very handsomest promises to the Indians, provided they would return to their allegiance.

This proclamation was published through all the Corregimientos of Cuzco; and the one sole effect it produced was to carry the assurance to all the Indians of the great estates, and in the *obrages*, and on the plantations, that the Inca had risen indeed; and they flocked towards his standard "like doves to their windows."

Had this precious proclamation and the effect it produced been designed, the authors of it would have lived in history

as the greatest strategists in war that the world ever saw.

While the craven Spaniards were shaking in their shoes in Cuzco and Quispicanchi, as they saw their Indian slaves run away from them up the mountain sides to bow in adoration to their Inca, their Redeemer, the lord and King who had come again to rule over them, the Inca was literally taken prisoner by his own people. The paths and roads were filled with swarming multitudes. A population of a hundred thousand men, women, and children came about him like bees, each one wishing to throw his arms round his lord's neck, or kiss his feet.

And therefore Tupac Amâru had, perforce, to fall back on Tinta, and occupy the pasture lands with his people, and his own time and that of his warriors in building huts and cooking suppers, and otherwise gathering the foolish bees into hives, which, in stricter phrase, might be called organizing his forces.

Six weeks of time, worth worlds, were thus lost. It is certain that Cuzco could have been taken without a struggle, had the Inca, instead of awaiting two days more a fresh attack on Sangarará, pushed on to the Imperial city. By that time his devoted people came, and uselessly occupied his line of march, and he must have cut his way through them had he gone forward to Cuzco.

It may, however, be said of the Inca that his feelings at this juncture were strongly wrought upon. If he felt any vanity as he gazed on the people who were made happy by his presence, it may be pardoned him. For years he had been compelled to witness in silence the sorrows which consumed them. The impressions which the sight of the horrors of the *obrages* had produced on his sensitive mind had not been effaced; and if he sought to forget them, not in executing vengeance on their diabolical owners, but in sharing his people's love, and in making

them happy, we must pardon him likewise for that, for he was an Inca. He likewise believed that the Spaniards would not be able to overtake the revolt, let them bring even their heaviest force to bear upon it. He was absolute master of a thousand square miles of territory, the most densely peopled in Peru. More than twenty provinces had already risen up like so many volcanoes, and overwhelmed the Spaniards in fiery ruin. Every day of these six weeks brought only heart-inspiring news from the South. The religious fervour returned upon the Inca; dreams of peace and good-will rocked his mind in a delicious unconsciousness of the possibility of failure. He held evening meetings of his chiefs, and always his discourse grew eloquent as he spoke of his future plans, and what should be the new rule.

“He shall not strive nor cry till he shall bring forth judgment unto victory.”

He inflamed the minds of the men of Oruro by passionate outbursts of glorious

prophecy. His proclamations—not those which the Spaniards forged in his name—were full of burning words which carried celestial light.

“Oh, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

“And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

“In righteousness shalt thou be established; thou shalt be free from oppression, for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee.

“No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.”

And with such like words did this gentle-hearted enthusiast make known his mind to his people, and beguile the time and his own pious soul.

He forgot that his warm broths had by this time replenished the strength of the captives, who had been scourged within a

hair's width of the grave in the *obrages*. He forgot the "wild Indians" on the range of hills that ran close to Cuzco; of those who hung like wolves on to the skirts of La Paz, Cochabamba, Challapata, Sorata, Tupiza, Chuquisaca, and Potosi. Only let these once scent Spanish blood, and like wild beasts they will rush on their prey, and tear it in pieces—as is well known took place in the above cities—the details of which are given with great vividness by Spanish chroniclers.

"Nada fue respetado, ni la edad, ni el sexo, ni las suplicas, ni los lamentos libraban de la muerte, y una parte de la poblacion sucumbia al furor de la otra."

All of which, may it please your Holiness, and you most Catholic Kings of Spain, and Vice-Kings of Peru and Buenos Ayres, is as true as gospel.

And it is added, as a sort of bloody doxology, "that the fury of the Indian women did far exceed that of the men; for they inflicted fearful mutilations which"

. . . are too horrible to mention, and which shall solely be ascribed to the honour and glory of the King of the Bottomless Pit.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND AND LAST.

"Pray do not mock me,
I am a very foolish, fond old man."

* * * *

"Do not laugh at me."—*King Lear*, iv., 7.

"Give me my albricias, sir—I bring you the rarest
news."—*Adventures of Five Hours*.

DE BURLAS Y DE VERAS.



UPAC AMÂRU, Inca, sat on the throne of his fathers. The sceptre of Manco Capac had returned to Cuzco, and the Holy City was cleansed of its foul oppressors. Its streets were repaved, and their original width restored. Once more the great square was seen traversed, as of old, by ten thousand men, trained for the special service of the Inca; and the city, which had for two and a half centuries been cramped and confined like an aged giant, with his knees tucked up to his chin, in cold and misery,

expanded into new life, and covered ten times the space it occupied during the decrepit and corrupt rule of the unclean Spanish Christians.

The two rivers which slowly trickled through the city, the Huatanay and Rodadero, were widened and deepened as of old, and once more went dancing through the Gardens of the Sun, as if rejoicing in a restored liberty.

Not only did the city give back a cheerful responsive smile to the glad sky above it; but the glorious valley also, at the head of which the city stood, expanded in a wealth of bloom that made the heart of man burst forth into new joys, and the birds into richer song.

The Spaniards were permitted to remain in the recovered kingdom, but under such conditions that many preferred to fly from it as from the mouth of the infernal pit of their own crew.

Idleness was once more punished as a crime. All priests were silenced on pain

of death. Any one found preaching on "what God had said," or exercising sacerdotal functions, was punished as an adulterer or a thief.

The land was divided into three equal parts, among the people, the nobles, and the Inca. All who owned lands were compelled to cultivate them on pain of losing them.

All mines were the property of the State, and could only be worked by permission of the Minister or Chief of Mines.

All merchants or dealers in precious woods, tools, stores, clothing, books and paper, were compelled, on pain of losing their eyes, to state the price at which they bought their goods when offering them for sale.

All smithies and forges, smelting furnaces, brick kilns, and trades which involved noise or noisome smell, were ordered to be carried on outside of the city.

Fuel, like water, was placed under the strictest State supervision.

All men, of whatever class or station, were compelled to bear arms, and without call of drum or trumpet to appear at the central barracks at set times, for inspection and training.

Once a week, and oftener, according to the season, it was equally compulsory for all, without any exception, to appear and take part in the national games.

And to encourage the arts and sciences, all who could make or invent any new, useful, and beautiful thing were permitted to carry it direct to the Inca's palace, and if pronounced worthy, a public holiday was proclaimed for all to come and see it, and do honour to the wise man.

Once a year the chiefs of every province came up to celebrate the great annual feast of summer, to give an account of their government, and to confer with the Inca.

Each governor was required to bring with him not fewer than ten men, who had received honours and rewards for the doing

of some public good, or for their excellence in virtue; and these were to remain in the great city a whole year, their place being supplied by ten of an inferior sort, who were compelled to leave Cuzco for the provinces. This law affected only unmarried persons.

One day was set apart throughout the kingdom for marrying, and the day was kept as an universal holiday.

All children of one year of age, and up to seven, were sent to school, where they learned, for two hours a day, the art of catching, and pitching, and carrying such things as they were able. Those above seven and under fourteen were taught to dress themselves, and to wash, mend, and make their own clothes.

In these schools of the bigger boys each pupil was taught to bring to school every day a single flower, or fruit, or leaf of some tree or shrub, or any other product of nature; and he was instructed in all that the teacher could tell him, or he could

learn, of the origin, life, and uses of those objects.

The more intelligent boys were, as a great honour, drafted into schools devoted to special work; and they learned how to make a wheel, or build an arch, or some other difficult art and mystery.

From fourteen to the marriage day the boy worked at home with his parents.

No girl was allowed to go to school after she was seven years old; but she was to be taught at home, and was compelled to go to the schools of art to be examined every nine days.

No one school-house was allowed to receive more than forty children, of both sexes; the higher schools were limited to twenty, the sexes being divided when they reached the age of twelve.

The Inca and his Court were somewhat exercised on the subject of allowing the use of the Spanish language in the kingdom to be continued. But he reflected that the Spaniards had certainly reduced

the native language of the kingdom to writing, and thus were the first to make possible an Inca literature.

All that his people knew, as well as himself, of the history and traditions of the old world, they knew through the medium of Spanish books. The lives of the great men of Greece and Rome were known to him only in that tongue; and there were books which to this day can retain their excellence and beauty, as well as the sweet charm that will for ever make them precious, by being read solely in Spanish. The proud, narrow-minded Spaniards had tried, by destroying the literary remains of their Arabian conquerors, to obliterate the language and all recollections of the Moors from the national mind; they failed, but not without inflicting on the world an irretrievable loss. The Inca would not follow their example. It would be of inestimable value to his people to read the Spanish record of the conquest of Peru in the language of the Spaniards;

and above all—and it is said this latter consideration decided him in his course of action—it was of the very first importance for all men to become early acquainted with that form of madness which has produced such terrible disaster to humanity, which enables a man to transform a wind-mill into a giant, a flock of sheep into an army led by knights of renown, and a peasant, garlic-eating damsel into a Queen of Beauty, fit to preside at the world's tourney of good and evil. And Don Quixote achieved another famous victory when he thus decided that the Spanish language should be retained in Peru, as it is the only instance on record of a single book exerting such powerful influence on the destiny of a people.

These were only a few of the more striking laws and regulations of the new kingdom.

Of our old friends, and those whose names have figured in this strange, eventful history, the reader would, let us hope,

be glad to hear that among them the family of the Lady Lucy rose to great honour and distinction. Guido Alvaro organized and commanded a grand army of cavalry. The most noble the Marchioness de Zandunga was held in such renown that they built for her a marble palace, in a garden where grew every lovely flower that the kingdom produced; and every year the Inca made a stately pilgrimage to her abode, attended by his chief men, and of this he made a most splendid pageant.

The Polizon became the Inca's Prime Minister. But the bounding joy of this patriot's life, and its crown, was in the bright and happy Pancha becoming a mother.

The aged Princess Hilipa was found one day at noon, after the children had brought her their usual daily offerings of the sweet-smelling *ariruma*, fast asleep in her hammock, which was gently swinging when her maids came to awake her.

She had gone to join her father, who died more than half a century before. They embalmed her, and carried her body to Cuzco, where, in truth, it remains to this day.

Zagrazmit became Minister of Justice and Education, was greatly beloved, honoured, and feared, and would have been held for a perfect as well as upright man if he had only married. But his delight in the functions of his office, and the splendid fruit which his labours bore him, left him nor time nor taste for other joys.

The Shyri Sylvestre became Minister of Agriculture, and, by his wise energy and excellent knowledge, the abounding forests of healing barks and balsams, their rich gums and splendid woods, were all cleared of foul growth, as the kingdom had been rid of the wicked and hateful Spanish rule, and made to yield a gracious and a glorious fruition. He became the brother-in-law of Guido Alvaro by marrying one of Paulina's sisters.

The Spanish priests, and monks, and friars, who elected to remain and take service under the Inca (and only a few of these returned to Spain) were enrolled in the permanent army, and were set to make gunpowder and dye scarlet cloth. But the better sort were sent on more active service to the woods and forests in search of wild Indians, whom they were to tame by first taming themselves. The Bishop of Cuzco learned and taught the art and mystery of making glass. He and all the unsmocked priests celebrated the day of universal marrying by taking wives from among the nuns, and making honest women of them and honest men of themselves.

Andrès and Frasca, as Princes of the blood royal, lived in the palace of the Inca, and adorned his Court by their virtues and accomplishments. Andrès was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was the first Inca received in Europe as an official representative of the Court of Cuzco and the

Children of the Sun at the Court of England.

It was natural and fitting that the Inca should turn his eyes to the nation of Zagrazmit and the Shyri, and seek to enter into treaty with it.

The Inca would bind himself to send to England's King every year fifty thousand tons of copper, together with several tons of the precious metals, if his Majesty would come and fetch them, and bring in return wise men such as his own Zagra—men who never lost their temper, and who could see more gold in soil and forests than miners ever saw in reefs of quartz.

There is no record of this treaty being ratified; and it would be childish to conjecture how and in what manner Andrès was received by good King George. We can declare, with all honesty, that the Inca was in earnest, and there would have been no difficulty in fulfilling his part of the treaty.

Clara and her soldier lover were mar-

ried, but elected to go to Spain, where she became sought after and admired for her peculiar charms by the butterflies of the Court of Madrid, and the magnates of Cordova, of Granada, and Seville, whenever she paid these once famous centres of fashion and opulence a visit: all to the intense discomfort of her husband, who dwindled down to the dimensions of a creature too feeble to die without being trampled under foot of men.

Leche de Lobos also returned to Spain, and after flinging his commission in the face of the President of the Great Council in Madrid, and, like a Hebrew prophet, telling the King to his face that he was an oppressor and a slave driver, he died on the scaffold in his native city of Seville, denouncing the men of wealth who had made it famous as thieves and rogues who at the Day of Judgment would be shown to have "made" their money out of the blood of slaughtered children, and that by some dreadful hocus-pocus which they

had sold their souls to the devil in order to learn, but whom it was their intention to defraud of his due by leaving the bulk of their colossal fortunes to the Pope, who was to spend it in masses for their deliverance from purgatory.

The Viceroy became converted into a real Christian, such as was he of the name of Judas; for he went and melted all his gold into coin, sent it to the Inca, with a pious wish, expressed in Spanish eloquence, that he would disburse it in buying fuel, wine, and blankets for the extreme poor during the wet season; and then he went out and hanged himself.

The Archbishop of Lima, from having lived ignobly in riches and sanctimonious ignorance, resolved to live nobly poor, by devoting his life to works of love and mercy among the Indians of the fishing villages on the coast of the Pacific, in the diocese of Lima, refusing all food or shelter that the Indians did not bestow upon him.

Of the great body of the Indians them-

selves, and the progress they made, and the wealth they accumulated, and the perfect restoration they achieved of their ancient kingdom, let the following account of what took place in the year 1785 suffice.

Tupac Amâru—who, for his magnificence, his wisdom, and his love of all that was fair and beautiful, might be called the Solomon of the West—ordered to be built a palace of art and industry, and all the cities, towns, and provinces of the kingdom received his loving command to bring and exhibit samples of everything of interest which they possessed—of everything which they made, and the produce of their particular soil and climate.

The people were accustomed to do great things together, and to emulate one another in doing honour to the Inca; and they received his commands with delight, and executed them with joy. The site of the palace was close to the renowned Temple of Pachacamac. It was also close

to the sea, which was called the Sea of Peace; where, not in angry billows, white with rage, it rolls in on the shore, but rather like living silver it runs on to the golden sand in playful filigree, showing no fear nor causing any, but rather pleasure, rest, and quiet. At the back rises a range of low, softly rounded hills, covered with myriads of lilies; and from a valley between them flows down to that sea a river of sweet water, close under the walls of the temple. And to this day remain the same temple walls, the same river, the same hills—covered in the month of June with floretted snow—and the same Pacific Sea.

Another great advantage in building this Exhibition Palace in the valley of Pachacamac was that it never rains there. There goes up, at certain seasons of the year, a mist from the sea which waters the hills; but it never rains—no thunder, lightning, or storm ever visits that tranquil shore.

The palace, of course, was not of iron or

glass, with upper storeys; but it was of the finest wrought stone, with arched doorways and windows, and its inner walls richly coloured, having glorious cornices of fine gold. Its roof was the blue, cloudless sky, and its floor was of many-coloured marbles. It stretched along the shore for nearly three miles. Its principal front, or façade, was towards the sea. Over the great door was a sun, in gold, whose rays were of precious stones; and as the great sun itself set in the west, on the far-off horizon of the tranquil ocean, with nothing to come between its farewell evening ray and its golden image over the door of the palace, it seemed as if glad to leave behind it an abiding impression of its own unsullied lustre.

The Exhibition was opened in the month of November, not merely because this was the great holiday-making month in all the year, as well as the end of it, but because the two preceding months were favourable for travelling over the mountains in

the rainy districts, for crossing the paramos or prairies, the rivers, streams, and deserts. After November, many of these would be quite impassable, both to man and animals.

At the beginning of November, the Palace of Industry and Art, which was divided into so many courts, was opened by the Inca in person, and a splendid retinue, but all of men.

First and foremost in the court or hall of agriculture was the plough. It was of gold, being the same as that used by the Incas on the first day of the season, when seed-time began, and they held their great national ploughing feast. It was contributed by the Inca. The every-day plough was a very simple implement, being nothing more than a straight round pole, pointed with copper—or rather, to give it hardness, an alloy of copper and tin—having two long ears, to which the gear was attached. It was drawn by hand.

The plough was set off with splendid samples of the finest maize, of different

kinds, two or three kinds of which, alas! are now quite extinct, or are only found occasionally in tombs and grave-clothes; some of glittering whiteness, others mellow like gold, and some of divers colours, and speckled.

This word maize, by the way, is Mexican—at any rate, it is not Peruvian. It was called *zara* at the Exhibition; and great was the competition by all the contributors, not only in the size and colour of the grain, but in the uses to which it could be put—in eating and drinking, in solid food and confectionery, in food to be boiled and food to be baked, food for preserving, and food to be eaten as soon as cooked. One tribe, represented by its governor, obtained great applause for a new way of cooking it, which was different from all the others, and which soon came into general use—namely, first grinding the corn as usual, mixing it with water into a pudding with *aji*, or fine pepper, and then wrapping it up and boiling it in its own

green leaves. A sweet pudding was made in the same way, by adding honey instead of pepper.

In the same court with the plough were exhibited the corn-mill and sifters. The mill consisted simply of two spherical hollow stones, worked one inside the other, and the sifters were sieves made of cotton. Corn-grinding was always the work of the women. Not all the tribes could grow maize on their own soil; as, for example, those of Titicaca, Tiahuanuco, and the cold regions of the far distant and elevated mountains; but they exhibited samples of very good food in the form of potatoes and a grain called *quinua*, a sort of lentil, as also several beans, and an edible lupin. The tender leaves of the *quinua* were also used as food, and from this grain, also, they made tolerable beer.

It came out, in the course of conversation at the Exhibition, that every tribe endeavoured to cultivate maize, and none of them from choice cultivated the potato.

This vegetable was only grown by those whose soil and climate were not favourable for growing maize.

The potato-feeding tribes showed great taste and intelligence in the way they prepared and also preserved their potatoes. These good folk would have carried off the prize for potatoes, even if all the world, including Ireland and the Irish Government itself, had competed against them. They could preserve potatoes for years so that they would still be sweet and sustaining. This art is still practised in the very same regions of Péru; and we, who fancy ourselves so much wiser, still send our ships to the frozen regions of the earth, or on other long voyages, from which the sailors return eaten up with scurvy—if any do return, and all because we do not know how to preserve potatoes. Four delicious kinds of potatoes were exhibited, which were only known to the inhabitants of the farthest Andes. They of Cuzco had never seen more than two of them. Other vege-

tables of the rarest kind, and brought in curious cases, were likewise exhibited. One called *inchic*, a kind of vegetable marrow, with the taste of almonds, obtained great notice; as also the *chuchu*, sweet and good for weak stomachs, eaten raw.

They were not ashamed to exhibit their roots, especially the *yuca*, which, when roasted in wood ashes, is far finer than the flouriest roasted potato. The *arracacha*, also, was and is a root of high estimation.

The cultivation of maize had greatly extended in the kingdom. It was at the first confined to Cuzco, and the lowlands lying towards the sea; but even in the reign of Huayna Kcapac, A.D. 1521, it had become the universal food of the entire nation, and it was grown at the foot of the highest and farthest ranges of the Andes, as well as round Cuzco itself.

It was not only the noblest of grain food—it was easy to store, and would keep

well; and we cannot sufficiently admire the wisdom of the Incas and the beneficence of their government in fostering, as they did, the cultivation of the best products of the soil in all parts of their dominions.

We boast of our labours in the art of acclimatization; but if those of the Incas could be written in detail, they would throw our puny efforts into the shade.

The fruits of the garden, the orchard, and the sunny valleys hung from the walls of the court, above the vegetables, and the show of these on the day of opening must have been surprising.

There were melons of all sizes, shapes and colours, with three different varieties of cucumbers; strawberries as large as peaches, from Chile; white and golden pine-apples, from Puná and Guayaquil; and the precious *pacai*—literally a sweetmeat of Nature's own making, and which she wraps up in white, silvery covers. The *palta*, also, from the hot countries, caused glad astonishment among those who had

never seen or tasted it. It is in shape like a large pear, with a dark green, thick rind, the fruit or meat of which is eaten with a spoon. It is of the most exquisite taste and consistence. But the time would fail to tell of their plantains, their guavas, their chirimoyas and granadillas, and a thousand others, which no less adorned the earth with their colours and shapes than they ministered pleasure and contentment to a grateful people.

In peppers they were the first in the world, and their aji is still celebrated in all parts of the globe. Many a pampered ignoramus owes the little knowledge he possesses of the Incas to this fine pepper, which has all the qualities of the finest Cayenne, and an exquisite subtle perfume as well. It is really made of five or six different sorts of peppers, which are all ground into a pulp together, and put in small gourds. The gourds are then coated with clay, and placed in the hot sun to dry, or ripen. When tho-

roughly baked, the clay is removed, the gourds are cunningly wrapped in dried plantain leaves, and ready for market. It is difficult to believe at first sight that it is not a new kind of fruit.

Whilst we are in this court of agriculture, one may call to mind the distress of Garcillaso—how, when writing the history of this his nation, he failed altogether, on one occasion, to recollect the national name of a certain cucumber. He had forgotten it utterly. Now, one always thought of this old man as being altogether puffed up with vanity and boasting, and that he had no ordinary human feeling of any other kind left in him. But when we come to the third chapter of his fifth volume, and find him quite inconsolable for that he could not remember the name of that troublesome vegetable, one cannot help thinking, after all, that here is a dear old gentleman who believes what he says, and will never lead one astray if he can help it; and, if you will only pardon him

for forgetting that one cucumber, he will try and never forget anything else again.

Of all the products of the field, the orchard, and the garden, none excelled the famous coca. There it was, in square blocks, as it had been packed for carrying, each leaf having been carefully picked, and dried in the sun, and then gathered and pressed into one compact mass, wrapped in cloth, with an outside covering of hide to keep it dry.

In this same court was exhibited what perhaps no other nation in the world could boast of—namely, a portable and most potent manure, which the Peruvians called guano, or huanu. And for the only guano worth having, even now, we, and all Europe, are still indebted to the Peruvians.

We must not linger in each of the other courts so long as we have in this devoted to agriculture and the art of living, or we shall never come to the end of our three miles of courts. The clothing court was the next; and here also the

Inca was the principal contributor. The crude cotton, or raw material, was hung in festoons round the courts, some of its long staple glittering like the driven snow, some of it yellow as the sun, and some—a rare sample—soft as silk, and of the glow and colour of gold, from the valleys of the higher tropical regions.

From these staples were made the splendid summer robes of the Inca, with their fringes of gold and silver, and their fillets of these metals inwoven in the fabric. Very good “cotton goods” indeed were made for the inhabitants of the hot countries, specimens of which remain, for any who wish to take the trouble of examining them, in our museums. They are finer and better than those of ancient Egypt or Assyria.

In the same court were the woollens. Samples of wool eighteen inches long, and finer than silk, were brought from the regions of Titicaca and other mountainous districts. Quito also contributed largely

in wools. But the rarest came from Cuzco. These undyed wools were of all colours—white and black, brown and red, purple and yellow. The royal robes made of these wools excited at an earlier period the envy of renowned kings, who preferred them to their own silks and cloths and velveteens.

We might pass much time in these two courts, and learn how well the people—how well and sumptuously their rulers—ate and drank, and were clothed. There cannot be better testimony for us of the intelligence and happiness of a nation than the state of their agriculture, the quality and variety of the food they eat, the liquors they imbibe, the clothes they wear, the narcotics in which they indulge, and, above all, the roads on which they travel. All these the Incas and their people had in greater perfection than any people of their own day had then in Europe.

But, although these courts or halls excited much interest, especially among the

heads of tribes, the governors and chief officers of the Inca, as well as in the Inca himself, yet the most attractive court in that vast Palace of Art and Industry was that of the birds and animals. Not prize pigs, blind with their own fat, or any fat animals whatsoever, but birds and animals which had been trained into being the companions of man. It was for their beauty and their accomplishments that these creatures were exhibited. The parrots occupied a conspicuous place. They were certainly the most numerous and the most fascinating of all the birds, except, perhaps, the stately scarlet ibis and the bird of Paradise. The parrots were of all sizes and colours, some famed for their speech, others for their song, and, strangest of all, not a few for their common sense and humour.

The Peruvians showed much taste, skill, and patience in the taming of wild animals, and in teaching those that were domesticated. Among all the celebrated speci-

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mens exhibited, not one bird was to be seen with any of its feathers cut, or a single maimed animal; nor were any of them tied by the legs to keep them in their place—they were kept in order by the loving voice of their owners and friends.

Besides the parrots and ibises, the manakins and king todys, the resplendent trogons, the beautiful calarus; the birds of Paradise, with their tails of wonder; the infinitude of loveliness in the humming-birds, called honey-birds and flower-birds; the oven-birds, and birds which were the special friends and protectors of all woolly animals—besides these, and many more, there were playful monkeys, squirrels, dogs and cats, small tigers and large serpents, vicuñas, guanacos, llamas, and alpacas.

Many of these animals were also dressed in the gayest fashion, and in a manner that a stranger to the art could not possibly tell whether the dress of the creature was real or artificial. For these four last-mentioned animals, especially, had their heads

and shoulders adorned with dyed wools of the most brilliant colours—the dyed wool being literally woven into the living fleece, and made to appear as a part of it.

There were different kinds of work in gold and silver, such as cast work, carved work, and engraved and hammered work. The carved emeralds of great size, and other precious stones which were held in great estimation, were observed with wonder and admiration by all.

There were some paintings, also; but of these, alas, we now know little or nothing of what has become of them.

As there was a separate court for the wools and the cottons, from which their cotton and woollen fabrics were made, so, also, was there a court for the display of the various metals in their crude state.

There was native gold, in masses of a thousand different shapes, as varied and fantastic as veins in marble, or clouds in the sky; native silver, in thin veins, but chiefly in balls as large as apples; native

copper in leaves, and ferns, and shrubs, and curiously tortured masses, like the knotted roots of trees; native tin and native iron; and the ores of all these, as also of lead, and the crystals of all, in their beauty and glory.

The musical instruments were both numerous and richly adorned, and had a court to themselves.

Arms and armour were exhibited, also in a separate court, but in no great ostentation.

The most precious to the people who visited this great palace was the court of the Amautas, being contributions from the royal colleges of Cora-Cora and Casana. These were models of all the famous bridges, the forts, temples, tambos or wayside hostelries, baths, huacas or shrines, canopas or sacred vessels, tapestries, and the sacred stone mirrors used on festive occasions to bring fire from heaven.

Such were the chief courts in that great temple—great because of the riches it

exhibited of the vast kingdom ruled by Tupac Amâru, and because of each province and principal town and city being represented. There were, of course, no halls for machinery or work in iron—the only mechanical contrivance of any importance among them being a furnace for smelting silver, and copper, and tin ore.

And let it be recorded, to the honour of this noble people, that there was no Chamber of Horrors in all that palace, for there was no instrument of torture to be found in all the kingdom. The thumb-screws, boot-jacks, racks, and wheels, and all the vile inventions of the Christians of the Holy Inquisition for torturing men and women, were utterly and absolutely unknown to the Incas.

Great as was the Temple, and the wonderful objects exhibited, the finest of all to behold were the people who came to see it. It was easy to distinguish the Cuzcanians from the Quitanians, and the Arequipanians from the Titicacanians; and these

mountain nations from the Chorillyanos and the Moqueguans of the coasts; and these, again, from those of the sunny lands of the pine-apple and the palm.

The Cuzcanians were much more richly dressed than any, their complexion was transparent, being almost white; whilst the Titicacanians were decidedly copper-coloured. The Quitanians were also fair, and the Arequipanians were of a pale olive complexion. Those of the coast were swarthy and short of stature, but broad across the chest, and with large overhanging forehead and eyebrows. The Cuzcanians were tall, well formed, and of handsome features; the nose aquiline, oval cheeks, and quiet, large eyes, but no beard. The Titicacanians had broader features, and beards. The prevailing colour in the dresses was red; but the Quitanians were distinguished for their beautiful blue, and the Arequipanians for their yellow dyes. The Cuzcanians, again, wore a peculiar shoe, which was fastened on and only pro-

tected the heel, and was deeply fringed; the Quitanians wore sandals, and shoes made of the fibre of the aloe. The Titicacanians wore single soles of hide, sandalled. The differences in hats or head-dresses were still greater—feathers, single feathers and plumes, were the chief ornaments of these. Very striking were these coverings for the head. Some were small and close fitting, in the shape of Greek and Roman helmets; others broad, like turbans, and of all colours; some, again, were towering, to give height and dignity; and some to serve the purposes of ease and grace. Perhaps the most striking of all the head-gearing were the earrings of gold, being not only massive, but long, and reaching on to the shoulders. These, however, were worn only by the aristocracy.

Of course, the chief difference in the appearance of all these princes, governors, bards, warriors, and citizens was in their dress, and their symbols of nationality,

which were worn now on the shoulder, sometimes on the head, and also on the left arm. The dress, for the most part, consisted of togas, tunics, and plaids, fastened round the waist with broad bands, whilst the sleeves were long and open, reaching from the shoulder to the knee; and the symbols of their country and race consisted of the skins of animals, birds, feathers, and gold and silver ornaments.

It would be impossible to give even a list—not to say a description—of the provinces, cities, and towns which sent contributions to this Palace of National Art and Industry. But one thing may be said of them—namely, that while each had a peculiar art, dress, and language, yet this was no Tower of Babel or confusion of religions erected in the Valley of Pachacamac. All that were assembled there, besides the language of their tribe or province, knew also one and the same language—the language of their Inca lord;

and this showed how great was the unity of that kingdom.

The Inca remained in the valley of Pachacamac for some time; and during his visits to the Exhibition many were the messengers which arrived from all parts of his realm; and one messenger brought such tidings as hastened the Inca's departure to the north: the King of England, hearing of the wonders of this kingdom, had come with a retinue of learned men to see them for himself, and to make, if possible, such treaties as would bind the two great kingdoms together; and Tupac Amâru went forth to meet the English sovereign and bring him on his way.

All this, may it please your Royal Highness, is DE BURLAS.

We cover our hot, but tearless, faces with our hands, and we put our mouths in the dust, and exclaim, in words which choke us as we utter them—"All this is but in jest, all this is only what might have been."

DE VERAS.

On a morning in the middle of May, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one, the sun being clothed in darkness and all nature shuddering in deadly spasms, Tupac Amáru was led, bound, into the great square of Cuzco, where he had his tongue cut out with a Spanish knife; after that his limbs were tied to four young draught horses, and he was torn to pieces.

All who care to know the rest—as to how his wife and his child, his near relatives, his captains and friends, were all put to death after that cutting out of the tongue which had never told a lie, or made a promise which its princely master did not keep, may read it in the exulting pages of Spanish royal chroniclers or their windy translators.

What the real end of it so far is, the reflecting reader may go and find out for himself in Spain, with its stifling atmosphere of unanswered prayers; its stained honour, which no sponge of any known

virtue can cleanse; and the foulness and rottenness of its national 'life, to which will always be allotted of the avenging gods some outward form, semblance, and name, if for no other purpose than to keep before all people who may have some fear of God before their eyes, an object which shall excite their contempt, their scorn, and their abhorrence.

THE END.

